

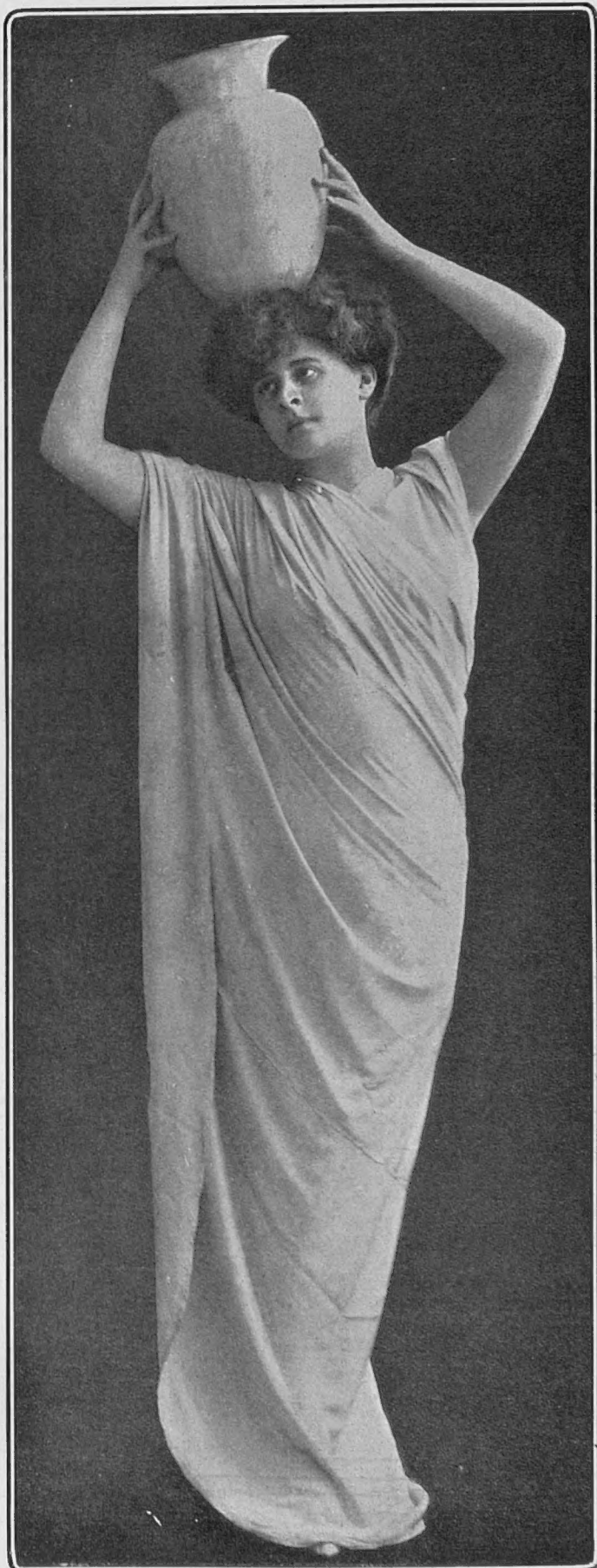
The Sketch



No. 618.—Vol. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



TWO STUDIES OF MDLLE. ÉLISE DE VÈRE, THE BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: WARNING TO OUR READERS.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" was published on Monday last, and, although the advance orders from the Trade far exceeded those of any previous year, the enormous edition is

practically sold out. The object of this notice is to warn our readers that there will be no reprints. Details of the contents will be found on page 221 of this issue.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Sketch Office, Monday, Nov. 28.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P., Mrs. Thurston's successful novel, has been published in America under the title of "The Masquerader." The following is an extract from a full-page advertisement of the book in *Harper's Weekly*: "When this story was running serially, people kept writing in begging eagerly for advanced proofs, one reader pleading that he had heart disease and fearing that he might die before the story ended. Such was the breathless interest in the story." Whilst congratulating Mrs. Thurston very heartily on the enthusiasm of her publishers, I should like to point out to her the responsibility that attaches to the writing of novels so dangerously exciting. What would her feelings have been had this gentleman with heart disease died between the instalments! Could she ever have forgiven herself for allowing a human being to be hurled into eternity with no better preparation than a feverish desire to know what happened to Chilcote? Imagine, too, the horror of the friends and relations on finding themselves powerless to appease the agonising curiosity of the dying man. By the way, the statement of the publishers is rather contradictory. The interest of this reader in the story should not have been described as breathless. It was the fear of breathlessness that made him beg so eagerly for the advanced proofs.

Her horror of publicity notwithstanding, Miss Marie Corelli has been good enough to grant an interview and a photograph to a representative of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The interview appears in the Christmas Number, and is full of those sweet-natured, Christian sentiments that have endeared Miss Corelli to the British public. For example, the interviewer had been admiring the "inspiring bower" in which Miss Corelli does some of her work. One of the objects of inspiration in this bower was a bust of Shakspeare. (I understand that there are busts of Shakspeare in all Miss Corelli's rooms, including the kitchen. Some of my readers may remember, too, a photograph of the interior of Mr. Hall Caine's house that appeared in *The Sketch* a year or two ago, showing a bust of Mr. Hall Caine on the staircase. You know the aphorism with regard to great minds.) A reference to this bust gave Miss Corelli the opportunity of exclaiming, "Literature! What a noble ideal! What a divine gift! Yet how miserably men and women neglect it! Ask the ordinary people you meet even about Shakspeare, and you will find that they cannot tell you the names of half his plays or recognise any save the most hackneyed quotations. It is due to what Dr. Johnson summed up as 'ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance.'" How thankful Miss Corelli should be that there are, at any rate, one hundred thousand people sufficiently well-educated to appreciate her own works.

Is not the very spirit of Christmas, moreover, breathed forth in such a remark as this: "The care of Shakspeare's town will be left again to the tender mercies of local ignoramuses, who know as much about Shakspeare as my dog"? An unkind person might observe, in reply, that nothing so vulgarising has ever happened to Stratford-on-Avon as the recent dispute over those miserable cottages. For myself, however, I do not say such things, especially at Christmastide. I prefer to follow Miss Corelli and the interviewer through the mazes of their conversation. For what subject, from English poetry to Mr. Chamberlain, did they leave untouched? They decided, amicably enough, that there were no more poets in any country in the world. That must have been a jolly decision, yet not half so jolly as Miss Corelli's Christmas impressions of Mr. Chamberlain. She went to the mass-meeting, it seems, at Bingley Hall. There were twelve thousand people present, and Miss Corelli could feel the throbs of their enthusiasm as they waited for Mr. Chamberlain to appear. "I am bound to say," she told the interviewer, "that he was a disillusion.

When I heard the famous Joe hammering out platitudes, without a trace of conviction, chilling an unexampled enthusiasm, I could have wept over the lost opportunity. I longed to brush him aside and electrify this nervous multitude myself." The darling!

Having conclusively proved, as you see, that politics should be treated as matters of the heart rather than of the head, it was natural that Miss Corelli should be questioned by the interviewer about her own experiences as a public speaker. He discovered, the lucky fellow, that her success was due to "the inspiration of the hour." At the Whitefriars Club, after her reply to the toast of "Sovran Woman," Mr. Churchill had said to her, "You have cut away the ground under my feet." At Edinburgh she had received a great ovation. "See what they offered me as memento," she exclaimed, fetching a great silvern bowl inscribed with references to her brilliant address. "A punch-bowl!" cried the stupid interviewer. "No," replied Miss Corelli, with charming simplicity, "for roses only."

The authoress reached the greatest heights of Christian charity, however, when invited to discuss the sister writers whom she had met at literary gatherings. "I was all agog," she explained, girlishly, "to behold the celebrated ladies who had won their spurs in the tournament of letters. What was my dismay to find them dressed in formless calico or chintz, with their hair like wisps of hay, untidy, unkempt, tousled, dirty! Why should dirt so often be considered a mark of genius?" What is that old Christmas motto? "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men"? Small wonder that the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Magazine* concludes his article with this striking, sincere tribute to Miss Marie Corelli: "Even her sternest critics must do justice to the artlessness of her art, to the self-confidence which wears no trace of vanity, to the courage of her convictions, to the good fighter and good friend, to the kind heart which has not been embittered by success." May I presume to add, on behalf of the women writers of England, "A happy Christmas to you, dear sister!"

I have only one fault to find with this seasonable contribution, and that concerns the photograph of Miss Corelli. It has been my good fortune to see this gifted authoress in the flesh more than once, and the impression that has remained with me is very different from the impression given by the photograph. I remember a plump little lady, fair-haired, smiling, healthy-looking; the photograph shows me an ethereal vision in diaphanous draperies, medium-coloured, and of sad countenance. Have I any right, though, to find fault with this picture? The camera, as everyone knows, cannot lie. It is my memory, doubtless, that should be held to blame.

There is something rather mysterious about the sudden withdrawal of "The Flute of Pan" from the Shaftesbury Theatre. Only a few nights ago, you will remember, twelve hundred readers of the *Daily Express*, who had been admitted to the theatre free of charge, declared most emphatically that, in their opinion, the play should not have been condemned by the critics and the first-night audience. On the morning after this second verdict, moreover, the *Daily Express* concluded its notice of the triumphant evening with these words: "She (Miss Olga Nethersole) deserved the fifteen recalls—for such was the number she received. For her charming representation of the Princess Margaret we who were present thank her; as will also the thousands who will throng to see the play in the future." I puzzled, I remember, over this prophecy, for I had been present on the first-night and had been so horribly bored that I could hardly refrain from shrieking aloud. I am puzzling more than ever, though, over the fact that the run of the piece ended last Saturday night.

WINTER ARRIVES: THE COMEDY OF THE COLD SNAP.



THE CLUBMAN.

Kings and Snow-balls—Benevolent Neutrality—"Usona"—Morocco.

IT is said by those who looked on at the snow-balling match at Chatsworth that King Carlos was very evidently disappointed that, though he snow-balled everybody vigorously, no one snow-balled him. There are a thousand minor thorns of this kind in the bed of roses Sovereign Princes are supposed to recline on. There were no schoolboys in the Chatsworth party, otherwise King Carlos would probably have had his wish gratified to the full, for a boy of fourteen has very vague ideas of *lèse-majesté*. The idea of a King extracting portions of a well-kneaded snow-ball from his ear is one which would fill any grown-up courtier with horror.

I do not wonder that the Japanese statesmen are beginning to think that the neutrality of Great Britain, which is supposed to be benevolent so far as their country is concerned, really leans in the other direction. Nearly every trick in the game which the Russians have scored has been turned by means of the help of Britons. If the German colliers had not carried tens of thousands of tons of coal from Wales, the Baltic Fleet would not have gone far on its journey. If an Englishman

may inflict on the country's trade during the war; but she would be perfectly justified in doing so. The circumstances under which the *Alabama* and the *Caroline* escaped from British waters are almost identical, there being plenty of delaying red-tape in each case. The fine old English official motto, "*Festina Lente*," cost us, in the case of the *Alabama*, three and a-half million pounds.

Sir Edward Clarke's suggestion that the United States of America should be contracted into "*Usona*" has not been received with the least enthusiasm by the American people. Our cousins across the Atlantic always speak of their country as "*The States*," and that is a good, short, practical title. We never think of alluding to our country as "*Great Britain and Ireland*," but "*England*," as the predominant partner, does duty for all three countries and the Principality. Some American will be likely to retaliate by suggesting "*Gaib*" as a pretty, short name made out of the first letters of our country's official title. The Straits Settlements are always known as "*The Straits*," and wherever a land bears a long or a clumsy title the inhabitants always invent for themselves some everyday name quite good enough for ordinary wear.

Morocco just now is the place to which comic-opera librettists should go for their holidays. I do not say this because the natives

Baptista (Mr. Alfred Brydone). Tranio (Mr. C. Angelo).



Gremio (Mr. Herbert Grimwood). Lucentio (Mr. Walter Hampden). Bianca (Miss Pamela Gaythorne). A Widow (Miss Mabel Adair). Katharina (Miss Lily Brayton). Petruchio (Mr. Oscar Asche).

REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE ADELPHI: THE FINAL SCENE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

had not invented a coaling-apparatus for ships at sea, most of the Welsh coal would not have got on board the warships. The one warship the Russians have secured from any Power since the outbreak of the war is an English-built torpedo-boat run out to Libau by an Irishman. Two of the yachts which are scouting in the Red Sea in front of the Baltic Fleet are British-owned. The one large vessel which has run the blockade of Port Arthur with provisions and ammunition is said to be a British vessel.

On the other hand, all we seem to have done for Japan is to close the Port of Malta to any Russian warships going out to the East; but I fancy that the tone which the commanders of the Russian torpedo-boats assumed when they put into Malta in the first abortive attempt to send reinforcements out to the China Seas, and their subsequent complaints that our authorities had not given them the aid they desired, have had more to say to Malta's present inhospitality than a desire to help Japan as far as neutrality will permit. I believe, however, we really have done more than appears, for, though the incident has not found its way into the daily papers, I hear of a fleet of British colliers which was to have carried coals to the Russians steaming eastward, but the owners of which received notice, accentuated by the presence of a British man-of-war, that it would be wise for them to find some other destination for the cargoes.

Japan is far too well disposed towards this country to open a ledger with a debit page ready for any damage the escaped *Caroline*

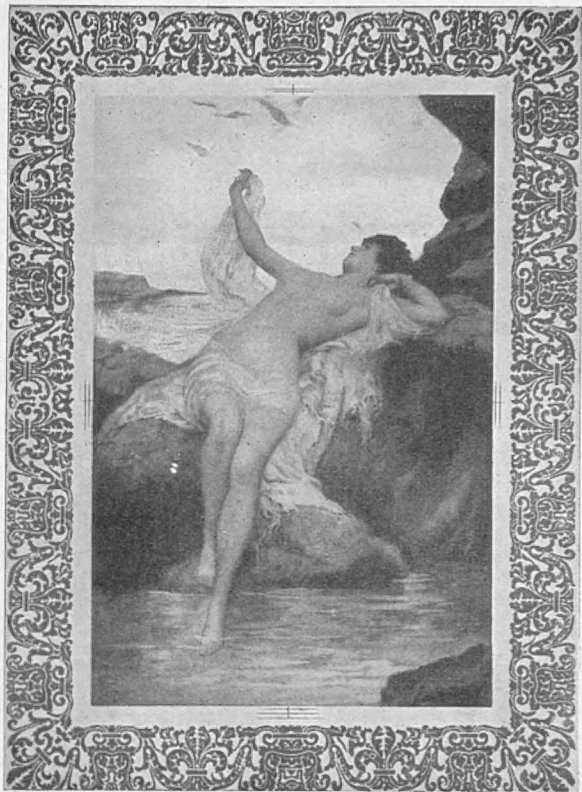
are particularly anxious to shoot Europeans at the present time, but because all sorts of topsy-turvy things are continually happening there. The latest happy thought of the officials was to send a troop of cavalry from the capital to assist in suppressing the rebellion, but, in order that these fierce fighting-men should not show their ferocity until the right moment, they were sent on their march without arms of any kind. Such an opportunity was not to be lost by the suburban robbers: the cavalry were "held up" before they had completed their first day's march, and the troopers returned to the city minus their clothes and horses.

An interesting link with the journalistic past has been broken by the death of Miss Henrietta Rintoul, the only daughter of the founder and the first editor of the *Spectator*. Mr. Rintoul, who was a Dundee man, took a high place as a staid and sober journalist in his day, and contrived to make the *Spectator* a remunerative journal. It lost ground in his later years, and passed into the control of Thornton Hunt, who failed to revive it. It was taken over in 1861 by Meredith Townsend and R. H. Hutton, with results known to everybody. Miss Rintoul aided her father in his editorial labours, and on one occasion took entire charge of the paper for three weeks, to enable him to enjoy a holiday. Amongst the most notable contributors to the *Spectator* in Rintoul's time were Archbishop Whately and George Brimley, the literary critic whom Professor Saintsbury has been eulogising.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

PORTUGAL, having come to England in the persons of the genial Dom Carlos and the lovely Queen Amélie, is to be royally entertained by certain great nobles, notably at Welbeck. Their Graces of Portland, though they do not, as is often supposed and said, dispose of the princely revenues of the Portland estate in London, are, nevertheless, very comfortably off. In addition to Welbeck and 3, Grosvenor Square, they have three places in Scotland. The Duke was

commercial capital that, when he was raised to the Peerage by her late Majesty, he would have become Lord Glasgow had not that title been unfortunately "bagged" by the Boyles some two hundred years earlier. So he fell back on the title which must daily remind him of his beloved Kelvinside. He is one of the small group of Britons whose scientific fame is really world-wide, and, being a canny Scot, he has made money out of his numerous inventions. All his working life almost has been connected with the sea—submarine cables, sounding-machines, and the like, and he is a keen yachtsman and a popular member of the "R. Y. S."

Miss Margaret Irby.

Miss Margaret Irby is one of the most versatile girls in Society. She is very musical, and yet a keen sportswoman, characteristics she inherits from her grandfather, one of the most noted Admirals of his day, the Hon. Paul Irby, who is still remembered with affection in the neighbourhood of his Norfolk home, Boyland Hall. Miss Irby is herself the daughter of a Crimean and Mutiny veteran, Colonel Howard Irby, who is a cousin of Lord Boston.

merely a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, aged twenty-two, when he suddenly, owing to the death of his cousin, came into his kingdom, and in due course leaped from being Lieutenant of one regiment to being Lord-Lieutenant of two counties—Notts and Caithness. His marriage with the beautiful Miss Dallas-Yorke was a pure love-match, and he and his Duchess are equally devoted to sport and the varied pleasures of country life. The Duke, a fine man of ruddy countenance, is in his element as Master of the Horse.

The King's New Godson.

Lord Belgrave will form an interesting addition to His Majesty's long list of godsons.

The King is already godfather to the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of St. Albans, and the Duke of Marlborough. It is a curious fact that, whereas, before the Accession, the then Prince of Wales's godsons always received among their names those of Albert Edward, they have now to content themselves with that first made famous in our history by the King who was also our Confessor. It is almost certain that Lord Belgrave will have among his names that of Hugh, which has belonged to many of his ancestors. One may venture to prophesy that our Sovereign's latest godson is likely to have a happier life than the infant Czarevitch, who shares with him the honour and pleasure of his Royal sponsor.

The King's New Surgeon.

The tragic death of Mr. Herbert Allingham at Marseilles is deeply regretted in Society, for he was

a general favourite, both on account of his rare professional skill and also for his personal qualities. He must have made an enormous income, at any rate up to last January, when he was afflicted with the loss of his wife, a blow from which he never really recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Allingham had a delightful house on the river above Marlow. Mr. Allingham is succeeded in his office of Surgeon to the Household of King Edward by Mr. Anthony Bowlby. Mr. Bowlby, who is still on the sunny side of fifty, is a "Bart's" man, and his appointment may be regarded as a compliment to the fine old City foundation which recently honoured itself by appointing the Queen to be its first Lady Governor. Mr. Bowlby first became known outside the ranks of the profession during the South African War, when he went out in charge of the Portland Hospital, and did splendid service in supplementing the gallant efforts of the ill-equipped and undermanned Army Medical Corps.

The "G. O. M." of Science.

Lord Kelvin, who has been this week (Nov. 29) installed Chancellor of his old University of Glasgow, where his father professed mathematics long ago, may well be described as the "G. O. M." of science. The last two initials, by the way, were given him by the King, in making him a member of the Order of Merit. Sir William Thomson is so devoted a son of Scotland's



A CLEVER SOCIETY GIRL: MISS MARGARET IRBY, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL HOWARD IRBY.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

The Youngest Liberal.

Liberals were startled to hear a report last week that the youngest man in their Party in the House of Commons was about to leave them. Mr. Richard Rigg is only twenty-seven, although he has been a member for four years, and until Lord Turnour's election he was the "baby" of the House. He is the first Liberal member for his native county of Westmorland. His capture of the Appleby Division was one of the most remarkable feats in the General Election of 1900, and he has continued to work enthusiastically for social causes, but, unlike several other young men, he has taken a very slight part in Parliamentary debate. He belongs to the Riggs of hotel and coaching fame at Windermere, but is himself a barrister by profession. He was married a few months ago.

The Radish-Potato and a Suggestion.

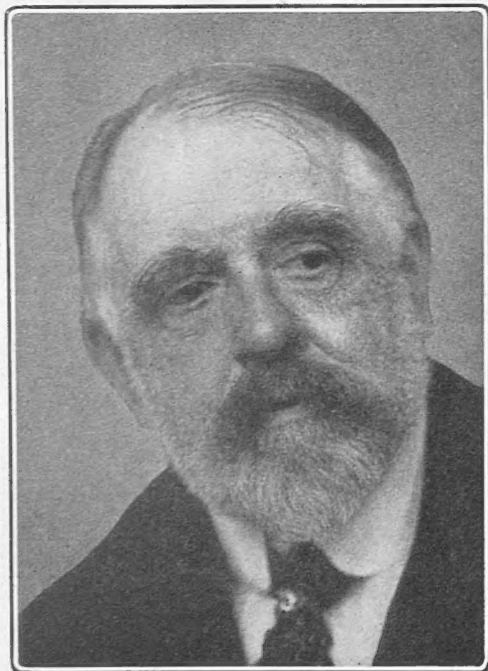
"I feel convinced," said the Hon. Ivor Guest at Daventry, "that the bud of Balfourism will blossom into the Chamberlain orchid." In view of such a possibility, the Free-Fooders should enlist the services of M. Molliard, who has discovered a means of transforming radishes into potatoes. This gentleman "takes a very young radish," says the *Telegraph*, "'Pasteurises' it in a certain way, and it grows up into a fine potato. More scientifically, the young radish is cultivated in a glass retort, after a process invented by Pasteur, in a concentrated solution of glucose. Starch then develops plentifully in the cells of the radish, which swells out, loses its pepperiness, and acquires practically the consistency, flavour, and especially the nutritive properties of the potato." Could not the process be, in a manner, reversed, and the Balfour bud "Pasteurised" into blossoming into the Balfour flower? Or, better still, why not treat the champion of Protection, that out of the orchid may spring the Rose-berry? Mr. Allen Upward will, doubtless, persuade his monarch-loving hero to assist in the kidnapping of the selected victim. Mr. Chamberlain losing his pepperiness, and acquiring practically the consistency, flavour, and especially the nutritive properties of the Free-Fooder, is surely a vision worth working for?

The Hon. Mrs. Napier.

The young wife of the Master of Napier is the third daughter of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton. She and her many sisters are immensely popular in Edinburgh Society, and also in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, where they have a charming country home. The marriage of Miss Clarice Hamilton to the eldest-son of Lord Napier and Ettrick took place five years ago and was among the great Scottish events of the year. Since that time Mrs. Napier has been one of the leading young Scottish hostesses in Society. She has two little children, a son and heir, born the year following her marriage, and a baby daughter, now three years old.

Precautions for Mr. Roosevelt's Safety.

America is much interested, and perhaps a little surprised, at the exceptional precautions taken to ensure a safe journey for President Roosevelt on the occasion of his visit to the



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD,
THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."
Taken by Beresford.

St. Louis Exhibition at the end of last week. Not only was the whole line of nearly a thousand miles minutely examined, but it was arranged that a pilot-engine should precede the Presidential train, and that track-walkers should be stationed at intervals of a mile, in order that a final look might be taken at the permanent way immediately before Mr. Roosevelt was due to pass. Such precautions are a matter of course when Royalties journey abroad, but with a President of the United States travelling within his own country they are unique, if not altogether unwarranted.

The baptism of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, the infant heir to the throne of

Italy, whose advent was so eagerly awaited and so warmly welcomed, first announced for this month, is now fixed to take place with due ceremony at the Quirinal on Dec. 4. The German Emperor, who is to be godfather to the little Prince, will be represented by Prince Albert of Prussia; our own King by the Duke of Connaught. Amongst the other Royal personages present at the function will be the Prince of Montenegro.

Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, who was included in the Birthday Honours list and is also associated with the inquiry into the North Sea outrage, is fifty-seven, and enough was said in *The Sketch* last week about his professional career. Socially, he is even more of a favourite than sailors generally are. He had a cosmopolitan upbringing, and it is even declared (by his



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS BEAUMONT,
BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE NORTH SEA INQUIRY.
Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

enemies) that he speaks English with a slight foreign accent. More than twenty years ago he was the late Lord Northbrook's private secretary, and he made a point of attending the funeral of his old chief at Micheldever the other day. Sir Lewis Beaumont, who was high in favour with the late Queen, whom he served as Naval A.D.C., married, not many years ago, a charming American lady, the daughter of Mr. Charles C. Perkins.

Chinese Pigtails. The Empress Dowager of China is a thorough-going old lady, and when she makes up her mind to anything she does not hesitate to carry it out. She has just issued an Imperial Edict that on the first day of the first month of the New Year all officers and soldiers must cut off their pigtails, as well as all Mandarins of the three degrees. Ordinary civilians are to be allowed to do as they like, but the Empress has shown her wonderful statecraft in thus limiting her order. She recognised the fact that, if all classes were ordered to cut off their pigtails, the Edict would probably be disobeyed and that its enforcement might bring about something very like a revolution. The officials are a limited and conspicuous class, and their obedience can easily be enforced, while, if the rest of the population is left out in the cold, it will doubtless very soon follow the fashion of the Mandarins and abandon the pigtail.

The "Wai-wu-pu." During the last few weeks a mysterious phrase, the "Wai-wu-pu," has appeared almost daily in the newspapers, and readers have been puzzled to know what sort of a creature it might represent. At first sight the "Wai-wu-pu" might be supposed to be a personage out of a child's story-book, or a Chinese Mandarin of the very first class, for it is evidently something of importance in the Celestial Empire. It is not, however, a single personage, but a body of men, for it is nothing more nor less than our old friend the "Tsung-li-yamen," or Chinese Foreign Office, masquerading under another name.

An Extraordinary Play.

In one of the theatres of New York they have been playing a piece which certainly carries realism to unusual lengths. In the third Act of the melodrama the villain attempts to poison his wife, but mistakes the glass and so poisons himself. As the villain dies, a detective jumps from a stage-box on to the stage and accuses the wife of having murdered her husband; from the opposite box the mother of the wife springs on to the stage and rushes to her daughter's assistance, while from a third box the real wife of the villain accuses the wife on the stage of the murder. Meanwhile, in the gallery a boy has taken a photograph of the crime, and, sliding down a rope into the orchestra, proves by his picture that the villain poisoned himself. But that is not all. To give the final touch of realism, a lady faints in the stalls, and another of the Company, made up as a doctor with a long white beard, administers restoratives to bring her round. And yet, in spite of all this brain-work, there are people who profess to despair of the drama.

Why not "Lord Ladysmith"?

Field-Marshal Sir George White seems to have collected all the letters of the alphabet after his name, for he has the Grand Crosses of the Bath, the Michael and George, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and the Victorian Order, to say nothing of the D.C.L. of Oxford and the LL.D. of Cambridge and Dublin. But we may be sure that, as a gallant soldier should, he prizes most of all the "V.C.," with its plain bit of bronze, that he won many years ago in Afghanistan. Sir George smelt powder in the Mutiny, was with "Bobs" in the march to Kandahar, and saw plenty of fighting both in India and elsewhere before he found himself holding Ladysmith. Whatever opinion may be taken of the unfortunate difference with Sir Redvers Buller, there can be no doubt that White's dogged defence of Ladysmith against the Boers will live in history as one of the most glorious of British feats of arms. Sir George is now Colonel of his old regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, and Governor of Gibraltar, a delightful billet where his charming wife and daughters help him to entertain the numerous visitors of distinction who come to see the "Rock." Thither, it will be remembered, the King himself came and personally conferred on the Governor the well-earned bâton of Field-Marshal. Nothing now remains save only a Peerage, and, if that should, in course of time, be His Majesty's pleasure, why not Lord Ladysmith?

King Edward's Spring Trip.

When King Edward goes abroad in the spring for a holiday, he will not stay at one place, but will visit several spots in the Mediterranean. As at present arranged, he will go in the *Victoria and Albert* for a voyage round the coasts of Spain and Italy, landing at Gibraltar, Malta, and perhaps on the Riviera, where he will probably stay for some time for the regattas. His home, however, will be on board the Royal Yacht for the greater part of the time that he is abroad.

A Royal Commander of the Cruiser Squadron?

That rumour which is attracted by the personality of Princes as surely as steel is attracted by the magnet has seldom taken more interesting form than that in which it announces that the enlargement of the Cruiser Squadron next year will be concurrent with

Vice-Admiral H.R.H. the Prince of Wales assuming the command, with Rear-Admiral Poë in second place. Should the "lying jade" for once not justify her reputation, the Prince will not only be in a position to prove the accuracy of the general belief that he is an officer of considerable ability, but, being Heir to the Throne, will occupy a position unfilled by one of his rank and standing since the days when James II., then Duke of York, fought and won the Battle of Lowestoft. Moreover, no Royal flag has been hoisted over a sea-going squadron since the late Duke of Edinburgh resigned the Commander-in-Chiefship of the Mediterranean Station.

The Revolt of the Russian Reservists.

The revolt of her Reservists, perhaps the most pitiable of Russia's difficulties at the moment, is no new thing, although it has gained strength since it first came into evidence. Even in the early stages of the war certain of the men called out showed their discontent by assaulting one of their officers—the fact was not chronicled at the time, but it is true. Now things are so bad that they have brought into being what must be one of the most extraordinary military regulations of modern times. As a result of this, Reservists will not be trusted with their arms while on their way to the Front, and will be guarded by armed Linesmen, six to each waggon. The weapons which will make them unwilling parts of the fighting-machine in Manchuria will precede them in the special munition-trains. The line between Tcheliabinsk and Harbin is said to be watched by sixty thousand troops. Little wonder that the Japanese are in the ascendant!

The Vatican "Zoo." It is not generally known that there is in the gardens of the Vatican a menagerie of animals presented to the late Pope. Pope Leo XIII. was very fond of the animals and used to feed them himself on occasions, but Pope Pius X. considers the Papal "Zoo" an unnecessary expense, and has decided to give the animals away. Apropos of this, a curious incident occurred a short time ago. A pelican escaped from the Vatican, but it had not gone far before it was shot by the inevitable sportsman, who made a present of it to the King. Happily, an Aide-de-Camp had heard of the Pope's loss, and so the bird was very carefully stuffed, and sent back to the Vatican, with a full explanation.



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C. WHY NOT LORD LADYSMITH?



MISS M. WHITE.



MISS G. M. WHITE.



MISS G. WHITE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.

Photographs by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

Distinguished Sportswomen.

Englishwomen all the world over are noted for their riding and driving, and, in spite of the motor and its popularity, Society has never boasted so many accomplished lady "whips" as at the present time. The Queen's pony-team is famed throughout Norfolk, and each of the Duchesses could make her way, if put to it, through the worst London traffic, though perhaps the most noted of ducal lady "whips" are her Grace of Sutherland and the Duchess of Beaufort. The Duchess of Sutherland has ridden and driven from earliest childhood, as have all her sisters, from Lady Warwick, who once performed one of the longest driving-feats on record, to Lady Angela Forbes, who would be a formidable opponent in any driving competition, though it is as a horsewoman that she is famed in the neighbourhood of Melton. The Duchess of Westminster is also an excellent "whip" and often drives her guests into Chester from Eaton Hall.

At one time a pony turn-out was considered smarter than anything else, and the Marchioness of Linlithgow, still better known under her old name of Lady Hopetoun, drives the most delightful ponies in the kingdom. But it has to be admitted that even the best-mannered pony cannot compare in temper with his brother and sister of a larger build, and most lady "whips," however skilful, prefer to drive an ordinary pair to a couple of ponies, while those who drive to hounds—and among them may be reckoned many well-known "whips," including Lady Charles Bentinck, who occasionally prefer the seat of a comfortable cart to the saddle—are well aware that a pony is apt to lose his head at a critical moment and to see no reason why he also should not follow the hounds on his own account. Among those keen sportswomen who are also noted "whips" may be specially mentioned, in addition to the Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Angela Forbes, Lady Holland, Lady Doreen Long, Lady de Trafford, Lady March, Lady Wilton, and Lady Yarborough. It will be interesting to see if the increasing vogue for horseless carriages will produce a generation ignorant of the arts of Jehu. The lady motorists are

increasing in number, and they pride themselves on their careful and skilful driving; but, from the point of view of picturesque-ness, the motor will never show off a woman to such advantage as a neat pony-carriage or dogcart.



MISS VERA BERINGER, WHO WILL PLAY THE LEADING PART IN THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "THE COMING RACE." (SEE PAGE 245.)

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.

Dublin, with that whole-souled but somewhat disconcerting enthusiasm usually lavished upon its supreme favourites, has been cheering itself hoarse nightly at the vast Theatre Royal over the new Hamlet of Mr. Martin Harvey. It is certainly an impersonation and a production that compel one furiously to think, and the merits of the new readings and textual extensions are bound to arouse serious discussion. Mr. Harvey's Hamlet is largely what the scientists denominate as a reversal to type. There is careful avoidance of the over-refinements of recent interpretation, and one gets glimpses of the semi-barbaric Dane through the Wittenberg veneer. The better to illustrate the lurking savagery of the Prince, Mr. Harvey preserves those two seldom-played scenes (compressed into one) in which Hamlet, immediately after the murder of Polonius, is pressed by the King and courtiers to reveal the whereabouts of the body. This extension admirably illustrates the venomous side of Hamlet's nature and lends itself to some stirring acting. But, as is the case with most Hamlets, Mr. Harvey's conception is finer than his execution. The dominant note is one of persistent emotional intensity, almost devoid of climax, and we have therefore the anomaly presented of a mediæval Norseman with many of the hysterical denotements of the modern neurotè. Equally conflicting are the costumes and the scenery. Realistic Norse warriors in winged helmets and voluminous white woollen cloaks with zebra-like stripings do not harmonise with Græco-Byzantine interiors whose coloration is gaudy and whose design smacks of Aubrey Beardsley. Mr. Norman O'Neill's overture effectively attunes the mind to the mood of mystery and gloom requisite for proper appreciation of the tragedy. Doubtless a rapid succession of set scenes calls for the employment of much incidental music, but the line must really be drawn somewhere.

FOUR PUBLIC STATUES IN MEMORY OF FAMOUS WOMEN:

THESE ARE THE ONLY STATUES OF WOMEN, OTHER THAN ROYALTIES, IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



SISTER DORA (WALSALL), "THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE MIDLANDS."



"HIGHLAND MARY" (DUNOON), IMMORTALISED BY THE POET BURNS.



MRS. SIDDONS (PADDINGTON GREEN), THE FAMOUS SHAKSPERIAN ACTRESS.



FLORA MACDONALD (INVERNESS), THE JACOBITE HEROINE.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IN the days when the Iliad was one of the troubles that beset my young life, I discovered a passage that helped for the time to make me forget Homer's offences. It described the moment when Achilles and Hector were fighting outside Troy, and Father Zeus, seeing that the Trojan hero's hour had come, surrendered him to his fate. Apollo then left the condemned man, and he faced his enemy alone. The peculiarly dramatic element of this episode associates it in my mind with the closing scenes at Port Arthur. The Japanese Achilles is about to bring the contest to a close; the Teuton Apollo has not succeeded in creating a diversion; we are apparently looking at the last stage of the great struggle. When Hector falls, it is certain that Achilles will behave better than his great prototype. I am hoping that his friends and supporters in the British Press will show equal restraint. We have had our sieges, and relief has not always come in time. Ladysmith was relieved, but Khartoum fell; we have known all the extremes of hope and fear that must animate the friends of General Stoessel and his gallant soldiers. So it is to be hoped that word will go forth that there is to be no Mafficking when our friends and allies succeed in reducing Port Arthur. The hilarious joy of people whose

experience of war is limited to the gallery of a cheap music-hall on Saturday nights does not add to the beauty or dignity of London.

Frederick the Great in Washington.

I am pleased to read that the statue of Frederick the Great presented by the Kaiser to the people of America has been unveiled at last, and it is quite clear, after all, that the great hearts of the two friendly nations beat in accord. At least, that is what the German semi-official Press says, and it ought to know. Presumably this friendly heart-beating is quite a modern development, for the statue of the Great Frederick has been on offer for a long time; there were discussions about it more than a year ago, if my memory does not betray me. At that time there was distinct friction between the White House and the Wilhelmstrasse, although the heads of the German Foreign Office had made laudable efforts to transfer the American ill-will to us by their clever dealings in the Venezuelan business. Now love, affection, and an Arbitration Treaty have replaced the old bitterness, for the time being, and Frederick the Great stands uncased for young America to see what manner of man he was. It is all very gratifying, and one asks whether Mr. President is about to drop the Monroe Doctrine or whether the Kaiser has turned his eyes from Brazil.

More Peace.

I read that Queen Wilhelmina has expressed her delight with the proposal for another Peace Conference, and is prepared to receive delegates as soon as the Czar and one or two other potentates have joined in the request for one. At present, apparently, the quorum necessary for the holding of the meeting has not been obtained. I yield to no man in my love of Peace, but I venture to deprecate the calling of further Conferences. Before the last one we had enjoyed a long period of tranquillity in Europe. To be sure, America had seized Spain's colonies, but Spain's revenge has come in the administrative chaos that has beset the victors in the conquered (?) territory. The Balkans were troubled—but their troubles are chronic—and the Padishah had asserted his authority over Greece, if only for a very brief period. In short, we had enjoyed a substantial measure of peace, while since the Hague Conference demonstrated the futility of war two Great Powers of Europe have been plunged up to the throat in strife. The House in the Wood, where the delegates assembled, is known as the "Huis ten Bosch." The last word, I fear, has special relation to the procedure.

Bible v. Koran.

I see that the Turkish authorities, careless of any but the Mohammedan Paradise, are trying to prohibit the further introduction of the Bible into Turkey. Downing Street, with the fear of the Nonconformist Conscience before its eyes, declines to admit the Sublime Porte's objections. Possibly the Foreign Office holds that by the substitution of Bible for Koran the Unspeakable Turk will be made speakable, a creature of sweetness and light. I am but as one crying in the wilderness, but I have lived with the Moslem in many lands and have found that his theology suits him admirably. The worst type of Moslem is the man who accepts Christianity spasmodically and pleads it to escape from punishment when he has bested a True Believer who has had no dealings with the "Epicureans."

Colonial Lectures.

A very sensible idea threatens our home and colonial schools. It has been proposed to introduce into the regular curriculum of the State-aided schools of the Colonies a series of lectures dealing with Great Britain in her various aspects, political, social, commercial, and defensive. Where it is possible, the lectures will be illustrated. At the same time, it is proposed to explain to the pupils of British State-aided schools the resources and commercial possibilities of the Colonies, so that all over the English-speaking world, or, to be more precise, all over the British Empire, there may be some sort of regular intercommunication.



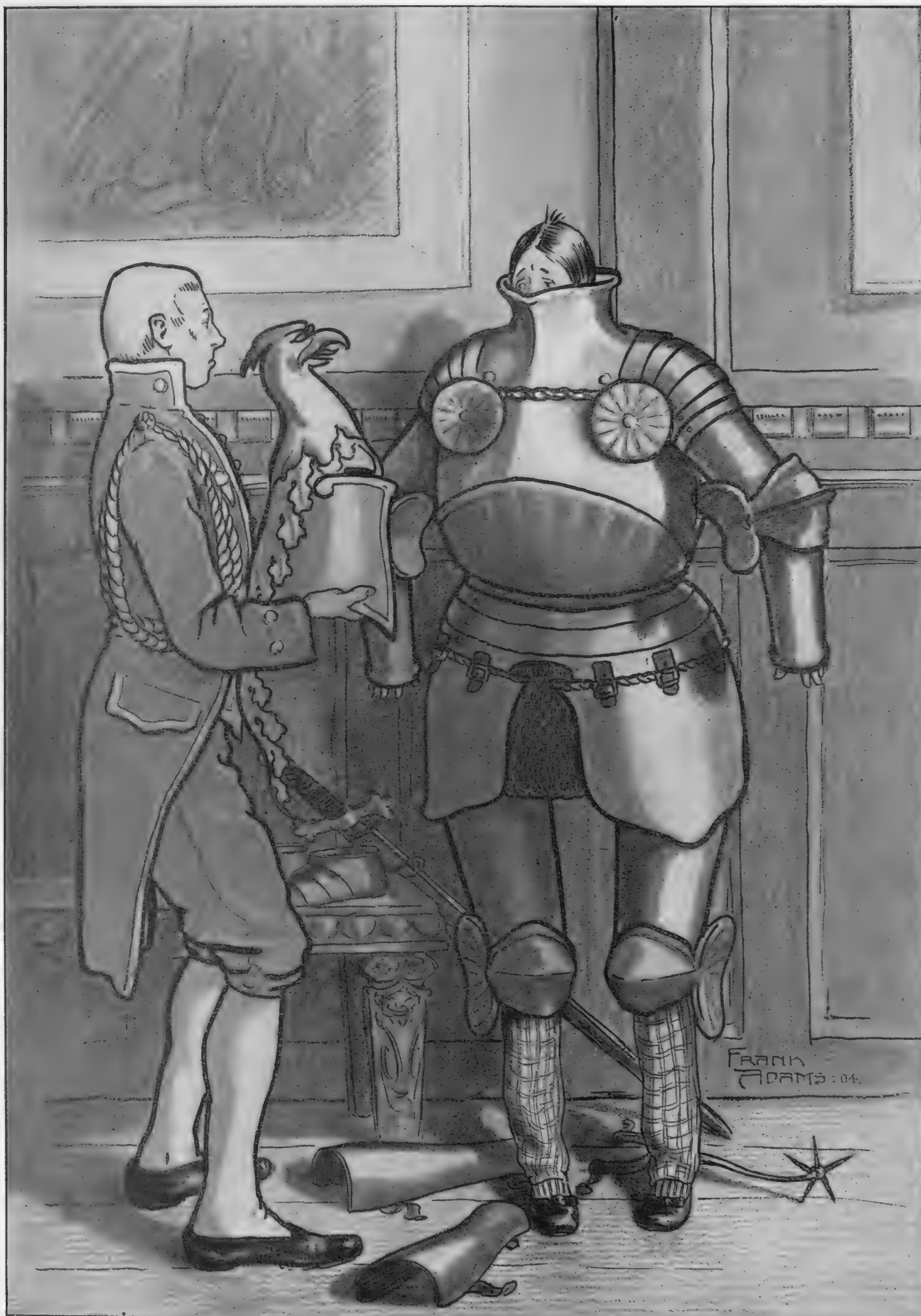
AT THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

[DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.]

"Hullo, Jones, who are you supposed to be?"
 "Lord Roberts, you fool!"

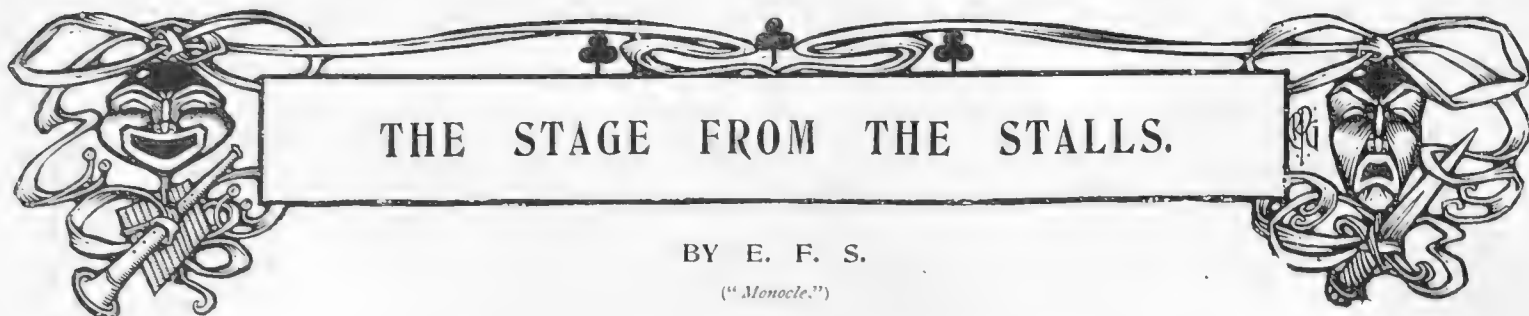
"A GREAT TOURNAMENT IS BEING ARRANGED IN AID OF KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND."

—DAILY PAPER.



SCENE: THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF FITZNOODLE HALL.

LORD FITZNOODLE (*quaveringly*): No, James, I think that had better go on last.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" AND "THE BROKEN HEART."

SOME of the house, on the revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan," suffered a little from a feeling of regret caused by thought of the loss sustained by our stage in the premature death of its brilliant author. In some of us also, for a while, at least, the feeling was complicated by an uncomfortable suspicion that prejudice had once caused some blindness to the merits of the work. However, before the evening was over, even those with the tenderest conscience felt that the prejudice which infected a good many of the critics twelve years ago had not greatly falsified their judgment as to the actual quality of the piece, although it might have prevented them from seeing how great was the instinct for the theatre indicated by it. One may say that "Lady Windermere's Fan" gives the idea of a collaborated piece, of a work with a scenario by a commonplace, skilful old hand, embellished with dialogue from the pen of a witty writer able to sink his sense of humour and write insincere scenes with a fine sense of exact phrases. In some respects the present playgoer has an advantage over the original first-nighter, for the author yielded to persuasion, accepted advice, and made some valuable changes in the piece which rendered it far more effective than upon the night when he came before the curtain, smoked a cigarette, and talked in the curious, egotistical way that is only deemed permissible in the case of "G. B. S." For an instance of the changes one may observe that his novel note in mystifying the audience as to the exact relation of Mrs. Erlynne to Lord and Lady Windermere has been abandoned: the method of informing the audience of the truth is somewhat painfully crude.

On the other hand, the constant playgoer looks back to that first-night with the greatest interest. Few premières of our times have caused such excitement and curiosity. Perhaps none has. Indeed, no-theatrical event in my time as a regular first-nighter, which goes well beyond fifteen years, has been treated as such an important journalistic event. Regarded from some points of view, it was in the nature of a drawn battle. Those—and they were not a few—who, despite their interest in drama and the popularity of Mr. George Alexander, hoped that the play would have a fiasco were disappointed, and so, too, were others who looked upon the author as a man of genius with a remarkable gift for making much of his talent from a business point of view, and hoped for something in the nature of a Minerva birth. Of course, it is not fair to judge then by now, and to forget how great has been the improvement during the twelve years in the style of manufacture of plays. It is noticeable that the author was not quick to see the change of technique inevitable after the production of "A Doll's House." He, so far as structure and style were concerned, was content to be old-fashioned, and it is impossible to acquit him of a charge of insincerity, since such a caustic, analytic spirit as his could not have been blind to the obvious artificiality of some of his devices. It is not improbable that he treasured highly what, in point of construction, is the most original note in the piece and is founded upon one of those conventional reticences that make the critics rage. For if Lady Windermere were told that Mrs. Erlynne and she were mother and daughter—and certainly Lord Windermere should, and would, have told her the truth—the author could not have ended the play by leaving the husband ignorant of his wife's remarkable escapade.

Fortunately, there is quite another aspect of the matter. We were all, I believe, surprised by the freshness of the dialogue and strength of the character-sketches; the people were real enough, save, perhaps, in what they did; and here they part company from stock characters. One can imagine the persons of the play, except Lady Windermere herself, carrying out its intrigue in a very credible fashion. She must remain beyond acceptance. A radically good woman and affectionate young mother who, as soon as she believes that her husband is

faithless, is willing to elope with a man whom she does not love at all, and to abandon her child, belongs as essentially to melodrama as the stage-management of her eloping in a ball-dress, with a lace wrap, and even the ostrich-feather fan. She remains quite out of the scheme of true comedy, and it is not surprising that Miss Lilian Braithwaite, despite her earnestness, failed to make her Ladyship seem convincing. The dialogue, pruned and weeded a good deal, I believe, amused the house as much as ever. There were roars of laughter at many an epigram or joke that has become a household word: they seem to stand the test of time, like the phrases of Sheridan. The dialogue in the serious passages strikes one more than it did at first as remarkably strong and true. The result is that the critical were deeply interested, and the uncritical, who do not trouble about probabilities and are not vexed at needless artificialities, were moved as well as interested.

The great triumph of the acting is still that of Miss Marion Terry; no truer performance, no piece of acting more perfect in easy technique, has been given since she first delighted Londoners as the lady who explains everything. Regrettable circumstances

force one to the apparently ungraceful phrase that it is delightful to think we have such a magnificent "reserve" as that of her acting. Miss Fanny Coleman seems inclined a little to force her remarkably clever, humorous study of the cynical Duchess, which still is vastly amusing. Mr. Ben Webster, the new Lord Windermere, lacks the quality, exactly described as "authority," so well exhibited by Mr. George Alexander; Mr. Aubrey Smith is quite admirable in the difficult part of the Mayfair Lothario; Mr. Vane Tempest is as amusing as before in his part of the chief cynic; Mr. Leslie Faber is an excellent recruit to the piece, and Mr. Sydney Brough very diverting as "Topsy."

Ford's tragedy, "The Broken Heart," which the Mermaid Society presented, has been enthusiastically praised by writers, some, at least, of whom have never seen it upon the boards. What it would be like if powerfully acted and judiciously re-arranged I do not know. Certainly, at the Royalty Theatre it did not prove to be a quite poignant drama. In defence of the author, it must be said that most of the players were unworthy of their tasks. The piece is written in a perplexing, thought-heavy style, and, were it not that one could follow nearly all that was uttered by Miss Irene Rooke as Calantha, it might be said that no one could understand the dialogue on a first hearing. As it was, though the players seemed audible, they were very often unintelligible, and, since the plot is exceedingly complicated and handled artlessly, the whole affair was puzzling till towards the close, when what one might almost call a new drama was started, and the terrible tragedy of Calantha, the Spartan Princess, began.

This is the part of the play which moved Lamb to enthusiasm. I fear we are not sufficiently attuned to Lacedæmonian virtues to be impressed duly by the amazing firmness with which Calantha receives the tidings of a series of appalling catastrophes. Of the literary qualities of "The Broken Heart" there is no need to speak; of its acting qualities nothing much was proved, except by a fairly effective performance by Miss Meta Pelham and by Miss Irene Rooke. The latter, if not, perhaps, reaching, as Calantha, the stupendous height of tragedy foreshadowed—which, I fancy, was by no means her fault—certainly gave a skilful, well-considered performance, much enhanced by the charm of her voice and manner.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS HAMLET.

(SEE PAGE 226.)

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A GRACEFUL STUDY.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY: THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) the Queen will, for the fortieth time, celebrate her birthday in this country. As has been almost invariably the case, Her Majesty is spending the anniversary of her birth in the beautiful country home to which she paid her first visit in the April succeeding her marriage, though the Sandringham Hall of to-day was not built till some time later.

The language of hyperbole has been exhausted with regard to our popular Sovereign's Consort, and yet it may be doubted whether any of the many writers and speakers who have dwelt on the Queen's personal beauty, charm of manner, and kindness of heart have given adequate expression to the place which she holds in the national heart. Her Majesty's principal quality, and it is one which cannot be acquired, is one which appeals to all classes and to all natures, for it consists in her intense womanliness. In every public and private act of her life the Queen is ever found to fulfil the Englishman's feminine ideal of goodness, purity, and unselfishness, and in all those matters of philanthropic importance in which she has taken part the British public have been instinctively aware that their Queen's impulse to benefit the disinherited of the earth has come from the heart rather than from the head.

This is why the 1st of December is likely to take in future ages the first place in the British Calendar, for it was a fortunate day for this country which saw the birth of the Danish Princess who was to bear so long, and to make once more honoured, the title of Princess of Wales.

At the present time it is well to remember the difficult position which was filled by the Queen for close on forty years. The wife of an Heir-Apparent has always a delicate rôle to play in a kingdom where there is a Queen to be first lady in the land; how much more so when the Sovereign is a Queen Regnant, the honoured ruler of a great Empire, and possessed of a personality overshadowing that of every woman, it might almost be said, in the world. It may be safely averred that no Princess of her generation—if we may trust contemporary history—would have come out of the ordeal as did the gracious lady whose name is now synonymous with kindness of heart and true womanliness.

The Queen has a high sense of duty, and since the Accession she has spent much of her life in London and a certain portion of each year at Windsor Castle; but her favourite home—and how natural it is that it should be so!—is the picturesque country estate where she leads the life that suits her best, that of the happy house-mother and the intelligent Lady Bountiful. All those she has loved, all those whom she has loved and lost, are associated with Sandringham. There she has acted as hostess to every member of her own family, including her adored parents; there also her elder son spent much of a singularly happy childhood and unclouded youth; there, too, he

died; and there—to evoke brighter memories—the Queen has seen the courtships of two of her daughters and the birth of several grandchildren, including the latest much-loved grandchild, the baby son of Princess Charles of Denmark. Small wonder, therefore, that Her Majesty always spends her birthday, whenever it be possible,



THE QUEEN AS A GRANDMOTHER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE YEAR 1895.

By W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

amid scenes which recall to her many of the most moving passages of her own and her Consort's joint lives.

At Sandringham the Queen is also able to indulge in one of her most pronounced tastes and characteristics—that is, her great love for animals and her sympathy with the dumb creation. Many years have gone by since, somewhat to the surprise and annoyance of a certain section of Society, the following paragraph appeared in the daily papers—

The Princess of Wales has made known her intention to patronise no gathering at which the shooting of pigeons is a recognised item of the programme.

Sandringham—save, of course, with regard to what may be called legitimate game—is an animals' sanctuary, and the Queen has done far more for beast and bird than that of simply treating with lavish kindness those who have the good fortune to enjoy her gentle ownership. Thanks to her frankly expressed wish, dogs and cats despatched long distances for exhibition purposes are treated in a far more humane manner than was once the case, and the cropping of ears and tails which used to be so common among dog-fanciers has become almost obsolete owing to the Royal expressions of disapproval.

As to the Queen's benefactions to London and the London poor, it is difficult to give even a slight idea of their number and of their varied character. Like the King, the Queen has always shown an intense practical interest in the hospitals, both great and small, of the Metropolis. As a young married woman in the full flush of beauty, of happiness, and of the duties which naturally devolved on the first of London hostesses, the then Princess of Wales, accompanied by the elder of her little children, spent a portion of every Sunday in the wards of the Children's Hospital, and her interest in the little sufferers was shown in many far-reaching ways. The nursing world owes also much to the Queen. Her Majesty takes her duties as President of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses very seriously, and again and again she has received the members in person. Less known, perhaps, is the Queen's close connection with that branch of the Naval Nursing Service which bears her own name.

At the present moment Her Majesty is concerning herself very seriously with the problem of the out-of-work population and with the difficult question of the housing of the London poor; and, doubtless, before the present winter is over, the capital of our great Empire will have once more reason to say very heartily, "God bless the Queen!"



THE QUEEN AND THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE YEAR 1880.

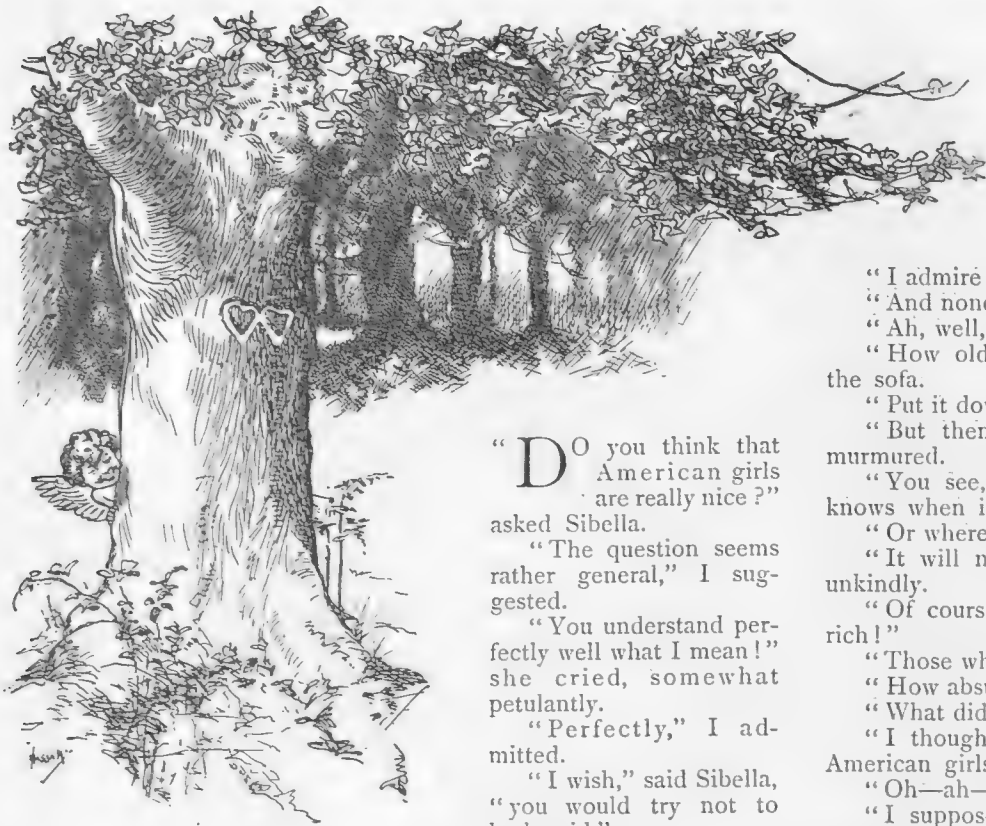


THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY: THE KING'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY.

From a Painting by Edward Hughes.

A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.

By THOMAS COBB.



"DO you think that American girls are really nice?" asked Sibella.

"The question seems rather general," I suggested.

"You understand perfectly well what I mean!" she cried, somewhat petulantly.

"Perfectly," I admitted.

"I wish," said Sibella, "you would try not to be horrid."

"Maitland," I remarked, "has been away four months."

Sibella stared at the window and sighed deeply.

"Four months and five days," she murmured.

"Now," I retorted, "you are too particular."

"Sometimes," said Sibella, "I think one is not quite particular enough."

"Then you are beginning to repent?"

"How can I repent if I have not done anything wrong?" she demanded.

"Anyhow," I suggested, "one can make up one's mind never to do it again."

"Ah!" said Sibella, with another sigh, "one may not get the chance——"

"To make up one's mind?"

"To do it again," she answered.

"Still," I reminded her, "you drove Maitland away."

"He simply went to America for a change——"

"The week after you broke off your engagement!"

"It—it really wasn't my fault," said Sibella.

"Still, one's tendencies may be a little too catholic," I hinted.

"If you wish to criticise me——"

"For the dismissal of Maitland?" I exclaimed.

"Did you know that he had returned?" asked Sibella.

"I heard it at the Club," I admitted.

"Then," she demanded, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Of course," I said, "I don't mean to say I wished the fellow to stay away for ever——"

"I don't see," answered Sibella, deliberately, "that it could make the least difference in the world to you."

"Still, one lives in hope, you know."

"It would be wiser to hope for something else," she said.

"Oh, well," I returned, "of course, I can see how it is going to end."

"You haven't answered my question!" cried Sibella.

"Let me see——"

"Do you think that American girls are really nice?" she persisted.

"Anyhow," I answered, "the fellow has got safely away."

"I met Eustace at Mrs. Beresford's the day before yesterday," she faltered.

"No doubt you talked over old times?"

"Why, naturally."

"And you—you felt pleased to see him?"

"Of course," she answered.

"I told you," I said, "that I knew how it would end."

"I think Eustace seemed nicer than ever!" she exclaimed.

"Then, I suppose, I must offer my congratulations the first time I see him?"

"Are you going to Lady Ashmore's to-morrow night?"

"Are you?" I asked.

"Why should I stay away——?" she demanded, rather excitedly.

"Then certainly I shall go!"

"——Because Eustace will be there?" said Sibella.

"I am to congratulate him?" I asked.

"He would think it rather odd if you didn't," she retorted. "So you really admire them?" she added.

"Whom?"

"I wish," cried Sibella, "you would try to remember what we were talking about!"

"I can never forget," I answered.

"I asked whether you admired——"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed.

"Do you?"

"I admire women in general——," I began.

"And none in particular?"

"Ah, well," I answered, "it is an old story."

"How old?" asked Sibella, and she leaned back languidly on the sofa.

"Put it down at a decade."

"But then——then I could only have been about eleven," she murmured.

"You see," I urged, "it's something like life itself. Nobody knows when it actually begins——"

"Or where it ends," said Sibella.

"It will never end," I answered; and she smiled, yet not all unkindly.

"Of course," cried Sibella, abruptly, "they are often immensely rich!"

"Those who cherish an ideal, you mean?"

"How absurd you are to-day!" she answered.

"What did you——?"

"I thought you had grasped the fact that I was talking about American girls," said Sibella, reproachfully.

"Oh—ah—yes!"

"I suppose," she continued, "their money is an attraction to some men."

"Fortunate that Maitland wasn't attracted by it," I suggested, and I fancied she looked at me rather reproachfully.

"You don't think Eustace is that kind of man?" she said.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"I shall see you at Lady Ashmore's to-morrow!" she exclaimed, as she rose from her seat on the sofa.

"I intend to try to do my duty," I retorted.

"You shall have two waltzes as a reward," said Sibella, graciously.

"It is immensely tantalising——"

"Tantalising?"

"So near and yet so far," I answered. "But still," I added, "I hope you will have a good time."

"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded.

"I shall try to congratulate you both——"

"I don't understand you," said Sibella.

"I said, I should try to congratulate you both."

"Both?" she murmured.

"Of course—you and Maitland."

"It is scarcely a thing to joke about!" she exclaimed, with her face aflame.

"I assure you," I insisted, "I never felt less like joking in my life."

"Then why do you suggest that I should be congratulated?" demanded Sibella, in a rather low voice.

"Upon your engagement——"

"That," Sibella faltered, "was ended months ago."

"But you told me it had been renewed."

"Indeed," she said, with a sigh, "I—I told you nothing of the kind."

"Upon my word," I insisted, "you certainly said I must congratulate Maitland——"

"Why, of course!"

"——when I meet him at Lady Ashmore's to-morrow night."

"Don't you understand?" cried Sibella, impulsively. "He is going to marry some American girl," and she laughed a little strangely.

"Sibella," I said.

"Well?" answered Sibella.

"Upon my word, I am sorry, if——"

"How very absurd you are this afternoon!" she exclaimed, but she turned away her head as I took her hand.



Bygone Sportsmen. By Cecil Aldin.



II.—"JACK OF THE VALE."

THE CULT OF HEALTH: A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED SPORTSWOMEN.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

From a Photograph.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.

Photograph by Langer.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

THE COUNTESS OF WILTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

LADY ANGELA FORBES.

From a Photograph.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Photograph by Langer.

THE CULT OF HEALTH: A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED SPORTSWOMEN.



THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

Photograph by Langflier.

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

Photograph by Cameron.

LADY DE TRAFFORD.

Photograph by Esme Collins.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

LADY HOLLAND.

Photograph by Martin Javonne.

LADY MARCH.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

LADY DOREEN LONG.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE production of huge biographical and autobiographical works seems to grow greatly every year. While most of these books are good reading and contain a proportion of interesting matter, they are full of repetitions. It would be a great service to the public of the present and the future if they were condensed, and towards that end I shall presently offer a suggestion. Let me first give one or two examples of superfluous matter. In the recently published book about Sir John Robinson there is an electioneering story which has already been told much better in Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography*. She tells it thus, under date Dec. 27, 1885: "I wonder if you have heard the delightful story about Lady Randolph Churchill which is going about. I must tell you on the chance that you have not heard it. She was electioneering on behalf of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and some impertinent elector expressed his wish that ladies conducted their canvassing on the principles prevalent in former times, in the Duchess of Devonshire's war, in which case he should have been delighted to promise his vote at once. 'Thank you very much,' said Lady Randolph, demurely; 'I'll tell Lady Burdett-Coutts!'"

In the huge autobiography of Mr. Moncure Conway we have a reminiscence of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "He told me that when ether was discovered he had such reverence for it that he thought it might possess some spiritual virtue, and resolved to experiment on himself to find if it had any psychological effect. He prepared the ether, and, having placed beside his bed a small table with pencil and paper to record his impressions on awakening, he lay down and applied the ether. Sure enough he presently found himself just conscious enough to seize the pencil, and, with a sentiment of vast thought, wrote down something. It proved to be these words: 'A strong smell of turpentine pervades the Whole.'" Oliver Wendell Holmes has told this story himself, and told it much better. A well-informed person with a blue pencil could turn every two biographical volumes into one, and improve them very much by the process. But, as well-informed persons are rare, I have a practical plan to propose.

My proposal is that the State should undertake an official repository of anecdote. This should contain all the best anecdotes in their best form. It should be prepared by some literary experts, who should be allowed plenty of time and a handsome salary while their work lasts. It should then be published and placed in all libraries of reference. After a certain time it should be a penal offence to print any of the anecdotes which appeared in it. A heavy fine should be inflicted, and the money should be devoted to pensions for deserving authors.

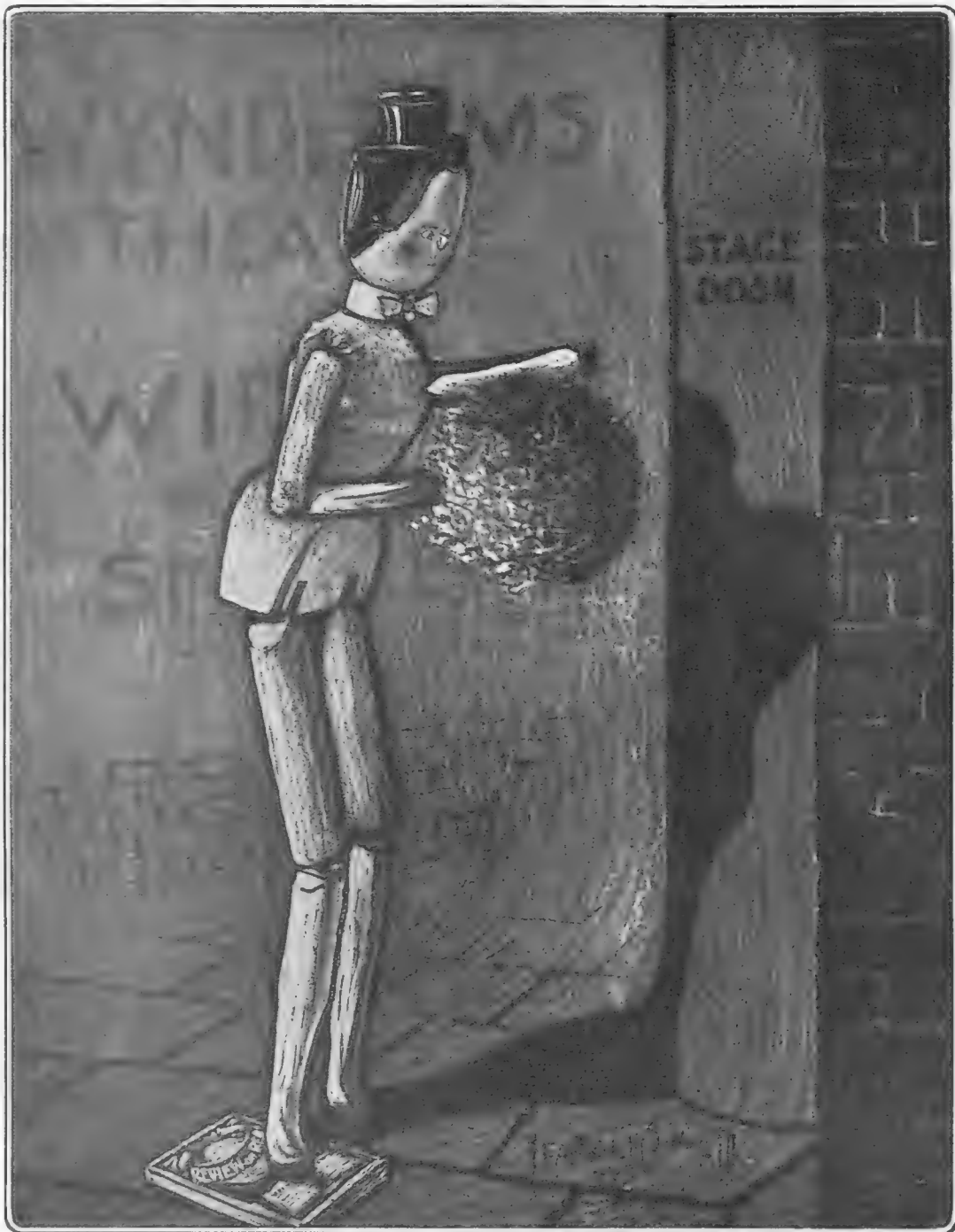
I have no hesitation in saying that, were this plan carried out, our literature would almost instantly show a most welcome and beneficial curtailment. Nor is it necessary that the official treasury should be a large book. There are not a thousand really good anecdotes in the world. Huge as Mr. Conway's book is, it is readable throughout, and contains passages of interest. Some of these have been anticipated. Mr. Conway was on intimate terms both with Carlyle and with Froude, but on Froude's biography of Carlyle he passes a severe judgment. He is convinced that Froude was veracious, but is compelled to think that he never really knew Carlyle. "He appreciated his intellect, but not the byways of his genius nor the depths of his heart. In talking

over the matter with Tyndall, we agreed that the Carlyle we knew is not in the biography at all. I always, indeed, had observed Froude's simple awe in the presence of Carlyle; I never knew an instance in which he uttered any difference of opinion from him." When the excitement about Froude's publications was at its height, Mr. Conway met Tennyson at the London Library. He was in his carriage at the door, and said, "I saw you go into the door there, and wished to tell you an incident of some interest. When Carlyle's appointment of his literary executor was announced, I asked him why he had chosen Froude. He answered, 'Because of his reticence.'" Tennyson's distress at the publications was extreme, his main trouble seeming to be that the bones of Carlyle should be thrown about. Mr. Conway disputes the accepted belief that Robert Chambers wrote "The Vestiges of Creation." He maintains that the author was Dr. David Page, whose handbooks on theology were once well known. Mr. Conway forgets or

does not know that the personal relations between Chambers and Page became strained, and that, if Page had any real claim to the authorship of the "Vestiges," he would undoubtedly have asserted it.

Bayard Taylor told Mr. Conway that he once visited the studio of Baron Marochetti with Thackeray, who pointed to a sculpture of St. George and the Dragon, and said, "Every man has his dragon; mine is dining out. What is yours?" "The same," replied Taylor. Carlyle, who had known Thackeray from his youth, said that at times the novelist, having some urgent work on hand, escaped from invitations, callers, and letters, and went off from his house without leaving any address. One night a messenger came to him (Carlyle) from a public-house near by, with a request from Thackeray for the loan of a Bible.

A book on the life and work of Lawrence Alma-Tadema is being prepared by Mr. Percy Cross Standing. O. O.



[DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.]

THE TRIUMPH OF MISS DOLLY PINERO: A DEVOUT LOVER.

A DENSE FOG.

By COSMO HAMILTON.

LONDON had broken its own record. For three whole days a dense fog had lain on the town like a yellow charity-blanket. Traffic in the streets and on the railroads had been in a state of impotent chaos. Business-men got to their places of business little before it was time to close for the day. Society, venting its spleen upon the climate of England in picturesque language, remained at home, or ventured as far as the nearest Club and devoted its days and nights to Bridge. Theatres closed because even dead-heads scoffed at the offer of seats, and the only people who regarded the fog as an ill wind, to speak Hibernially, were pickpockets and martyrs to asthma.

It may be said that on the third day there was one man, at least, in London who cared not a jot whether it was wet or fine, clear or foggy, and that was Everard Heswell, the man who had stroked the Oxford boat in the last race. The reason of this sublime indifference was not far to seek. Heswell was in love. And when a man is in love he does the most foolish as well as the most irremediable things in his life—among them, proposing and being accepted. For the fifth time during those three regrettable days Heswell had found his way to the steps of Maggie Weybourne's house. It was in Berkeley Square. It might, for all he could tell, for the little that could be seen of it, be any other Square—or, for the matter of that, it might not have been a square at all, but a circle or an oblong. He had discovered 81B five times, but he had not managed to pump up sufficient pluck to ring the bell and march in to bully Miss Weybourne into being his wife. From little things that she had said loudly with her eyes during a visit to Oxford, he had felt certain that she loved him. But from little things that she had left unsaid since, he felt equally certain that she didn't.

He had groped his way about for some minutes, when suddenly he stumbled into a slight figure muffled to her eyes.

"I—I beg—," he began.

The muffled figure raised her hands beseechingly. "Take my purse, take my bangles, take my rings; but oh, don't, don't take me!"

With a queer feeling that he had heard the voice before, Heswell peered into her face. "I don't go in for making collections either of jewellery or young women. I haven't the least intention of making myself obnoxious. I bumped you, I am afraid, but, I hope, not severely. Good-morning, or good-afternoon, or good-evening, or whatever it is."

He could hear the girl crying softly. He imagined that she was a girl: he could see nothing of her face. "It's hopeless, utterly hopeless!" she sobbed. "I shall never, never get home—n-n-never!"

Heswell had determined to go to his Club and there write a passionate appeal to Miss Weybourne. His ancestors had, however, entered the lists against Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and the little knighthood that modern life had left in him broke into flower at the sound of a woman's tears.

"I will do my best to guide you home, if you will let me," he said.

"It's very kind of you," she said; "but—"

"Don't worry about your bangles and rings," said Heswell. "Honestly, I don't care tuppence about 'em."

The girl was still uncertain. "Thank you so much!" she replied. "At any rate, it's a great relief to know that. Perhaps you can tell me where we are now?"

"Sahara, most likely; or Trafalgar Square, perhaps."

"But I want to find Berkeley Square," she went on, still examining him as closely as she dared. "Do you know Berkeley Square?"

Heswell uttered a kind of laugh. "Just a little!" he said, in what is generally described as a bitter tone. "When I'm not actually hanging on to the bell of 81B—"

"81B!" cried Miss Weybourne. She had recognised the man she had been in love with for almost three months and who was her ideal of all that an Englishman should be. She was about to tell him who she was, when a sudden tactical thought seized her. At Oxford she had been quite certain that he had loved her. Since then she had seen him in London and had *not* been quite so certain. It was obvious that he was in a more dismal mood than usual. Being a young woman who had enjoyed her first Season for all that it was youth and who had not gone about with closed eyes, she well knew that when men are in dismal moods they are bound to confide in the first young woman they meet. She therefore determined to let him see her home under the impression that she was a stranger. She drew her fur more closely over her mouth. "So you know 81B?"

"Know it?" I could find my way blindfold to it. I have found my way blindfold to it several times during the last few days."

"Really!" she said, with a quickening pulse.

"I'm on my knees in the bow-window of the drawing-room all day long," he added.

"Why?" asked Miss Weybourne, with much polite interest.

They had been making their way slowly along. "Take my arm," said Heswell. "We shall lose one another if we walk like this."

She took it willingly, with a sense of comfort.

"Thanks," he said. "I was in Berkeley Square ten minutes ago. I don't think we can have wandered far."

Miss Weybourne felt a little more certain. "You're sure I'm not taking you out of your way?"

Heswell's depression became horrible. "I haven't got a way, thanks. If I had I couldn't find it. I love this fog. It suits the frame of my mind exquisitely."

Just for a moment our young friend Maggie, who came of a race of sportsmen, wondered if it were quite fair not to tell him who she was. By the tone of his voice she knew that he was on the verge of making a confidence, and she decided that it *was* fair. She had never pined for anything so much in her life as to get to the real state of his feelings for her. "Yes?" she encouraged. "By the way, are you sure that we are on the pavement?"

"At present, yes. I'm whacking the railings with my stick. Personally, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if we came to the edge of the earth pretty soon."

The girl gave a gasp. "And we shall go headlong into space? How awful! But I don't think your geography can be quite right. My cabman put me down in Brook Street. I don't think the edge of the earth is within the four-mile radius."

A misty form loomed under their noses. "Look out!" cried Heswell. "By Jove, it's a man! Hi, sir, can you tell me where—?"

"Don't be an idiot!" was the bronchial reply, and the figure faded away.

"Some men are such gentlemen!" said Heswell. "Hard with your left! . . . Good. By Jove, we might have spilt the boat on that pillar-box."

Miss Weybourne was very comfortable, but she disliked tangents.

"I wish I knew where we were," she said, with a touch of petulance. "We shall arrive eventually, I suppose."

"Do you mind my saying," asked Heswell, "that your voice is rather like the most delicious voice the world has ever heard?"

"Not at all," she replied, not in the least afraid of blushing.

"Delighted, I'm sure. But we're off the path."

"You're the same height, too," he said.

"The same height?"

"As the owner of the most delicious—"

"How very jolly!" She began to be afraid that he would discover her identity. A sudden fright took possession of her. "Is this Berkeley Square, do you think?"

"It's pretty certain to be," he said, with a kind of fatalism.

"Why?"

"When I'm anywhere, it's generally Berkeley Square. I go out to ride in the morning, and find myself in Berkeley Square. I wire to my mother to say I'm coming to tea at four, and find myself at four-ten in Berkeley Square. I take seats for a theatre and agree to dine first at the Carlton, and find myself at the moment when the curtain is ringing up in Berkeley Square. Oh, yes, this is Berkeley Square! It's inevitable. . . . Forgive my verbosity. It's a novel thing to confide in someone one has never seen before and will never see again."

"Is it?" asked Maggie, now quite perfectly certain. "Don't you think it would be as well for you to finish confiding in me? For instance, why do you find yourself so often in Berkeley Square? In short, why Berkeley Square?"

"Oh, the old, old reason, you know!" he replied, with a weighty attempt at lightness. "The love of an idiot for an angel. Every man has his Berkeley Square."

"And every woman has her idiot who is the sanest man in the world," she said, enthusiastically. "I agree with love. And, for that reason, I should advise you to go once more to Berkeley Square."

"I shall go fifty million times more."

"Yes," she said, softly; "but by that time you will be an old idiot, and the house in Berkeley Square may have changed hands. No. Go to Berkeley Square to-day and say all you have said to me."

"I couldn't," said Heswell. "I haven't got the pluck. Hulloo!"

He looked up suddenly and gazed round him.

"What?" she asked.

"The fog's lifting. One can see the numbers of the houses. I thought so—I would have betted on it!"

"On what?"

"I have been going round and round, and have stopped, as usual, at 81B. Already the butler, frugal person, has turned off the electric-light."

The wind that had crept up unnoticed had blown the greater part of the fog away. Heswell and Maggie Weybourne had been far too much occupied to see its gradual shifting. As they stood at the bottom of the steps, it was possible for them to see one another plainly.

"Why do you stop here?" asked Heswell. "Do you know the Weybournes?"

Maggie undid her fur and put up her face for an instant.

"Pretty well," she said. "Won't you come in?"

The fog in Heswell's brain lifted, too. He caught hold of Maggie with the bravery of a coward. "Maggie!"

She drew herself away, with a little laugh, and opened the door with her key. "Look out," she said. "The fog's all gone—people can see. . . . Come into the dark!"

THE END.

"SOME REJECTED POSTERS."* By JOHN HASSALL.



I.—FOR SOMEBODY'S HAIR-RESTORER.

[* Mr. John Hassall's posters may be seen any day on any hoarding in the United Kingdom. His designs, however, are occasionally rejected on the score of eccentricity. In order that they may be preserved as works of art, therefore, we have arranged with the artist to reproduce them in "The Sketch."—Ed.]

THE CLOSING DAYS OF LEAP-YEAR: HER LAST RESOURCE.



DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.

THE HUMOURIST AND THE MUSIC-HALL HUMOURISTS.

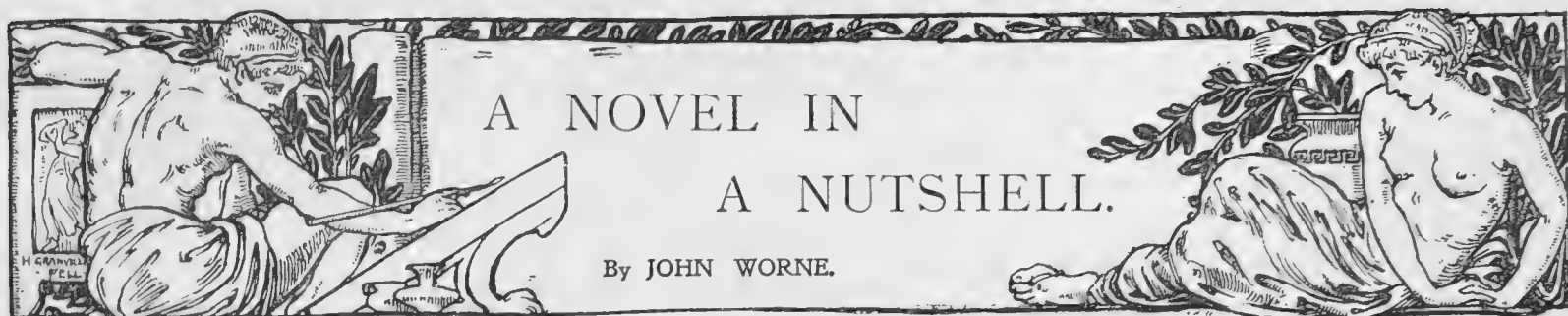


WILLIE : Say, why did the bronze 'bust ?

TIM : Let it go.

WILLIE : 'Cause the statuette.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



THE GENEROSITY OF JACK.

"WHAT is this place, dearest?"

"This, my pet, is the National Gallery. No one will find us here. Let us sit down."

She looked all round with a timid air. "You are sure we are quite safe?"

"Yes, dear; it is not haunted by people one knows. Now let me tell you what I've arranged and settle the last details. This is the Licence."

She took it with respect. "How awfully thrilling! And does this let us be—be married to-morrow—without banns and—and things?"

"Married!" he murmured, rapturously.

"Sh-h!" she said. "There *are* people here, though we don't know them. They may fancy we are not talking about the pictures if you aren't careful, pet. Isn't that a lovely chiaroscuro—that third one from the end?"

"Jolly," he said. "But now about to-night."

"Yes, dear; about to-night. Have you mended the ladder again?"

"Yes."

"And do you think it will bear us both?"

He looked doubtful. "I should have liked, darling, to climb down it with you in my arms; but I am afraid we must give that up."

"What does it matter, dearest, so long as we do get away?"

"Not a bit, love. It is only a question of form."

"Then am I to come down it by myself?"

"Yes, dear. It is not a very easy thing; the ladder curls up so when you step on it."

"But if we have Love, dear—Love laughs at ladders."

"Have you measured the distance?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. I dropped a piece of string with a brush on the end of it last night; it was just twenty feet and four inches."

"Good. What time do your people go to bed?"

"About eleven, dear; but my brother Tom may stay up a little later."

"Then we had better say twelve o'clock. You will let down the string. When I am a hundred yards or so from the house, I will make a noise like a motor-car—"

"How I wish we were going away on one!"

"Yes, love, so do I; but I cannot possibly run to more than a cab—and when you hear the noise, you will know that I am coming. I will fasten the ladder to the string; you will pull it up, hook it to the window-sill, and I will wait for you at the bottom. The last three feet you will jump, dear: my arms will be there, and your cruel parents will be foiled."

"Is it not strange," she said, sadly, "that human beings can be so heartless to their children?"

"Darling, do not let us say anything harsh against your father and mother. It is not their fault; it is their nature. Your father might have been more polite to me on Sunday evening, but I bear him no malice. He is yours, and I am content."

"How good and forgiving you are! When you left the house on Sunday, I never guessed that you were not angry, or I might have told father so and he might not have been so decided in what he said about you. I suppose it was father who slammed the door?"

"Was he very decided, dear?"

"Horribly; and they have been watching my letters ever since. If you hadn't thought of getting my dressmaker to invite me to meet you, I don't know what we should have done."

"And they think you are having dresses tried on at present?"

"Yes, but they are awfully suspicious. Mother nearly came with me. I must go home now, dear, really. Have we settled everything?"

"Yes. Do not bring very much luggage; it may be hard to get it down the ladder. We shall drive all night: I have ordered a parson for eight to-morrow morning at a village in Hampshire."

"Darling, it has been the dream of my life to be married in Hampshire. I cannot say why. Please take me back to my dressmaker's. I will then go home, and if they ask me 'Did you come straight home from your dressmaker's?' I can say I did."

"Thoughtful little darling!"

"Let us look at a picture on the way out. You don't know who may be watching us. You think the attendants are safe?"

"Quite, dear; but, perhaps, it will be better to give no cause for suspicion. Twelve to-night, remember—a noise like a motor-car in the road. . . . Now *there's* a rummy smudge; who painted that?"

"'J. M. W. Turner' is the name, dear."

"How did such a thing get in here? I thought they were rather particular——"

Mildred yawned as she closed her novel and looked at the clock. It was ten-thirty of the evening. "Where is Tom?" she asked.

"He took the motor for a day's airing," said Mrs. Fell.

"Ought to be back by now," growled Mr. Fell, who prided himself on keeping his children in order. It was indeed a well-regulated family—a family, therefore, in which you would naturally expect an accident to happen.

Mildred yawned again. She had throughout the evening made a great show of being extravagantly sleepy. An exhausting afternoon with her dressmaker, she had explained.

But Tom made her anxious. She had not known that he was going out with the car. Not that she feared for him—he had never been killed yet—but there was no telling what time he would be home.

"Does he expect us to sit up for him?" said Mr. Fell.

"I think not, dear," said his wife; "he has taken the key."

"Worse and worse!" thought Mildred. What if Tom were to arrive when she was half-way down the ladder?

"I'll wait up for him if you like; I'm not a bit sleepy."

"You have been yawning all the evening," said Mrs. Fell.

"Not with sleepiness," said Mildred. That was true, though not what she had said before.

Mr. Fell looked up over the top of his paper with a frown. "Young girls should train themselves not to be bored by the company of their relations."

"Yes, Papa."

"Kindly be bright and entertaining," he growled, "at once."

"Yes, Papa."

There was a pause, during which they both looked at her expectantly.

"Well?" said Mr. Fell, with sarcasm. "Begin!"

No pleasantry, no merry quip or waggish observation, suggested itself to her mind. Nothing happened but a lump in her throat.

"I resent this habit of sitting glum all the evening with a novel," said Mr. Fell, whose eyes had hardly strayed from his paper since he came into the drawing-room. "I will not have it; you understand?"

"Your father," said Mrs. Fell, "is humorous when necessary; it is not much to ask you to follow his example."

"When your mother married me," said Mr. Fell, "I had quite a reputation for—er—brightness in the home-circle."

Mildred had been struggling with tears. She broke down, and closed her novel with a bang.

"Then I must say," she sobbed, "that—that she has—has borne the process of disillusion wonderfully well."

And before they had recovered she was half-way to her room, vowing that nothing would induce her to spend another night in the old home. She listened carefully till the house was quiet; then she opened her window, let down the piece of string, and waited for Jack to make a noise like a motor-car in the road. She thought she would be able to distinguish the sound anywhere. Jack had once showed her, so far as is possible in a drawing-room, how it is done. We need not stop to explain. Hearing is believing.

At twelve Tom had not arrived. Mildred was feeling very nervous. Jack drove up in an old four-wheeler, steady enough but not pacey. He was feeling very nervous also. The noise he made was fairly unlike a motor-car, but it was music to her ear. Over the actual escape it were better to draw a veil. The ladder of rope was of rope, but not much of a ladder. Mildred was not seriously hurt. Luckily, the window was in a separate wing of the house, so nobody heard the noise.

The drive had two gates. As they hurried under the shadow of trees to the one where the cab waited, Tom's motor came snorting in at the other. On the way round to the stables, he looked up and stopped suddenly. Mildred's window wide open, and something dangling half-way down! He got out and found remnants of tangled rope on the ground, together with footprints in the soil and unmistakable signs of a bump. He hurried in and banged on his father's door.

"Hi! She's eloped!"

"Hullo! What's that? What's the matter?"

"Milly! Eloped with that fellow! Get up, quick!"

In five seconds Mr. Fell rushed out in his dressing-gown.

"What's that? Where? When?"

"Just now! Eloped—through window—with a ladder——"

"What, what, what?" said Mr. Fell, like a Maxim-gun. "Eloped with a ladder!"

"Quick, or we'll lose them! I hear the noise of their car."

"Why didn't you go and stop them?" thundered Mr. Fell, as he bounded downstairs.

"Can't argue; get in!" said Tom, heaving him into the car.

"Has that fellow got a motor-car?"

"No; probably stolen one."

"Man who would steal a girl would steal anything."

"Ready?"

"No!" bawled the old gentleman. "I've forgotten something!"

"Forgotten what?" said Tom, as he started the engine.

"My clothes!" wailed Mr. Fell.

But they were off down the drive with a roar. The fugitives had left the gate wide open. As they swung out into the road they saw the lights of a motor disappearing in the distance. Mr. Fell drew his dressing-gown tightly round him and looked forward into the darkness with a savage glitter in his eyes. Tom set his teeth and turned on all the speed his engine owned. It was a wonderful ride. The pace was much too rapid to be described with an ordinary pen. Only a policeman's brain could form a just conception of it. Even a policeman might have underestimated it, so swiftly did they fly. The draught positively squeezed Mr. Fell up against the back-cushions of the car and choked his utterance. But he was able to think and feel. What he thought was, "Why did I not put rather more clothes on before coming for a ride at night in a motor?" What he felt was the result of this omission.

They had been whirling along for some minutes when the car slowed down with a jerk.

"Confound you!" muttered Tom. "Why don't you carry a light?"

It was indeed a narrow shave. They had almost run right into a steady, respectable four-wheeler which was jogging peacefully along in the same direction in the middle of the road. "Get out of the light!" yelled Tom, madly, for the driver did not seem to care much about the horn. The engine puffed and snorted, impatient of the delay. Gently the old horse trotted to the side of the road. If Tom and Mr. Fell had not been so preoccupied, they might possibly have observed a twinkle in its eye as it looked round at the car, a twinkle signifying something more than the mere pleasure of keeping a motor waiting.

The road clear, the car leapt forward, and the pursuit began again with redoubled fury.

Mildred and Jack sat back in the cab and breathed again.

"I was so frightened," she said; "I thought it might be Papa."

"So did I," said Jack; "but it was only an old lady in a light cloak. We must not be frightened at every motor-car that passes us."

The rest of the story took up a great deal of space in the local paper—

"A case of considerable interest in Society circles and surrounded by many elements of mystery came before the Magistrates sitting in Petty Sessions at Carsham on Friday morning last. There was a full Bench and a large attendance of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

"The prisoners were all accommodated with standing-room in the dock. Two men, who gave their names as William and Thomas Fell and declared themselves to be father and son, were charged with assaulting his Grace the Duke of Somerset, of Somerset Castle, Surrey, and Miss Mamie Fitzclare, of London, described as an actress, and with causing malicious and wilful injury to a motor-car belonging to his Grace the Duke. There were cross-charges by William and Thomas Fell against his Grace the Duke for using obscene language in the public highways and attempted murder. His Grace the Duke and Thomas Fell were further charged with driving motor-cars to the common danger and in excess of the speed allowed by the Act. His Grace the Duke, Mamie Fitzclare, William Fell, and Thomas Fell were further charged with disorderly behaviour in the King's highway and resisting the police in the execution of their duty. His Grace the Duke and Mamie Fitzclare were further charged with refusing to give their correct names and addresses when called upon by the police so to do.

"Mr. James Brown (solicitor) watched the case for the Carsham Lunatic Asylum.

"Police Constable John Williams, examined by the Chairman, deposed: That he was Police Constable John Williams. That he was the police force of Carsham. That on that morning at about twenty-two minutes past five he was awakened by a noise. That he ran out and found two motor-cars in the road. That apparently an attempt had been made by one motor-car to climb over the other. That all the tyres of both cars had apparently been cut with a knife or other sharp instrument. That on his arrival each of the prisoners lodged several charges against the others. That he thereupon arrested them all. That the prisoner William Fell was insufficiently clothed. (The Constable handed up to the Bench a written account of the prisoner's attire.) Yes, that was all. That from remarks they let drop he decided to charge them with furious driving on their own confession. That he charged them all accordingly. That his Grace the Duke gave his name as Mr. Jones, travelling with his aunt, Miss Jones. That he (the Constable) thereupon charged them both with stealing a motor-car the property of a Duke unknown. That he knew it was the property of a Duke by the coronet. That the female prisoner thereupon burst into tears. That the Duke thereupon confessed that he was the Duke in question, and the

charge of theft was withdrawn. That there was heavy rain falling at the time. That that was all.

"At this point Mr. James Brown begged to state, on behalf of the Carsham Lunatic Asylum, that that institution was not responsible for the prisoner William Fell being at large, as he had never been in their charge.

"The Chairman of the Bench then summed up the evidence, and asked the prisoners what they had to say to the serious charges made against them. The prisoners elected to give evidence on their own behalf.

"The Duke of Somerset, examined by the Chairman, deposed that he was John Philip Victor Courcy De Courcy, Duke of Somerset, Viscount Bringford of Bringford, Baron Kilkenny of Kilkenny, &c., &c., &c., P.C., K.M.G., K.G., &c., &c. That, numerically, he was, nevertheless, only one person. (Laughter.) That he was passing through Surbiton in his motor at about 12.50 on the previous night. That Miss Fitzclare was also in the car. That he didn't see why he should say why Miss Fitzclare was in the car. That he wasn't going to be bullied by anybody. (Sensation.) That he didn't mean to be disrespectful, but objected to impertinent questions. That he heard a motor-car coming up behind at a great pace. That he therefore drove his car faster. That there was no particular reason for that. That there needn't be a reason for everything. That it didn't matter whom he imagined to be in the other car. That he didn't care whether he was on his oath or not. That he was a Duke. (Sensation.) That they might do what they liked. That they would hear about it afterwards. That if he wanted to marry Miss Fitzclare, that was his affair. (Applause.) That he had a guardian and was under age. That they might suppose what they liked. That he wasn't there to be insulted. That he drove on for several hours. That the car behind pursued him and gradually overtook him. That it came on to rain heavily. That the car behind was certainly exceeding the legal pace. That his own car was so constructed that it could not possibly exceed the legal pace. That he could not understand how, that being so, he managed to keep ahead so long. That he was not going to be bullied. That any fool could ask questions and wise men never answered them. (Sensation.) That he was a Duke and they had better remember it. That the other car drew gradually alongside. That it then turned sharply and ran straight into him. That it was a deliberate outrage. That an elderly scoundrel in a dressing-gown and pyjamas cut all his tyres with a knife. That he (the Duke) seized the knife in self-defence. That the knife might have rubbed up against their tyres. That it was an inevitable accident. That the two scoundrels rushed upon him. That the old blackguard accused him (the Duke) of running away with his (the old blackguard's) daughter. That that was silly rot. That he didn't know what the Asylum authorities were thinking of. That the old blackguard now admitted that Miss Fitzclare was not his daughter, or anything like it. That such persons ought not to be allowed out, particularly with motor-cars. That it was dangerous to run one car into another at full-speed. That it was an outrage that the police had not allowed him to shave that morning. That he was a Duke.

"The prisoner William Fell then went into the box and was sworn. He deposed: That he thought the car in front contained a man running away with his daughter. (Laughter.) That he now admitted that that was not the case. That he did not suppose that every man he saw was running away with his daughter. (Laughter.) That he had a daughter. That his son was present and could prove it. (Laughter.)

"At this juncture the prisoner created a diversion by pointing excitedly to a young man at the back of the Court and shouting, 'There he is; that man has run away with my daughter!' (Loud and prolonged laughter, in which the young man joined heartily.)

"The prisoner proceeded to make a pathetic appeal to the young man which positively convulsed the whole Court (including the Usher). He called upon him, so far as could be heard, to let bygones be bygones and come forward and tell the truth.

"When the Usher had secured silence, the Chairman, with difficulty restraining his mirth, invited the young man (with whom was a prepossessing young lady) to make any explanation he desired.

"The young man said he desired to make none.

"The prisoner then became very wild in his manner, and uttered threats so violent (in which he was joined by the prisoner Thomas Fell) that the police approached him with handcuffs.

"The prisoner then said that if the young man would come forward, all would be forgiven. (Renewed laughter.)

"To the astonishment of the whole Court, the young man then came forward to the witness-box and inquired of the prisoner whether that was a bargain. The prisoner, being in a state of collapse, said it was.

"The young man thereupon deposed: That his name was John Wantworth. That he was the son-in-law of the prisoner William Fell. (Sensation.) That the prisoner Fell was of sound mind and highly respectable. That he (witness) had, as a matter of fact, gone for a drive with the prisoner's daughter, and had given the prisoner reason to suspect an elopement. That the collision of the motor-cars was a pure accident. (Sensation.) That neither car had ever exceeded the legal pace. That there had been no disorderly conduct. That the evidence of the police was notoriously unreliable. That he was at the bar and knew a thing or two. That he was glad to be able to avert what had promised to be a miscarriage of justice. (Applause.)

"After this evidence the Chairman said that he had no option but to discharge all the prisoners with a profound apology. The prisoners were discharged. The result was greeted with applause in Court. An interview with the parties will be found on page four of this issue."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE Kendals in farce! There is a suggestion of incongruity in the mere writing of the words, for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have long been the chief exponents of the drama of the emotions. Indeed, in the skill with which she can set our heart-strings vibrating in unison with a minor chord until the tension relaxes in tears,

light-effects. It owes its origin to Mr. Wirt, at one time an assistant of Thomas Alva Edison. It is an interesting fact that these dimmers were installed in the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago. When the house was burnt down, the dimmers alone remained unaffected by the heat, and those same old ones are in use now in the newly constructed theatre which was opened a few weeks ago.

In spite of the cheers which greeted its production, in spite of the laudatory criticisms which appeared in the newspapers, in spite of what has everywhere been admitted to be admirable, even brilliant acting, the fact has to be chronicled that "His Highness My Husband" will be withdrawn at the end of the week from the stage of the Comedy Theatre, though it is said to be possible that it may be transferred to another theatre.

The recent announcement, that Miss Ellen Terry was to appear at the Duke of York's in a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, having been followed by paragraphs relating to the impending production of "The White Bird," has caused many people to put the two things together and to assume that the names of the actors and actresses who have been announced in connection with the latter are those who will support Miss Terry. Than this nothing could be more erroneous, for the two plays are quite different. The impending production is a fairy-play in three Acts, which will be produced probably two or three days after Christmas Day itself. In two of the leading female parts it will make interesting use of the services of two actresses who have achieved success as the heroine of "Little Mary," Miss Nina Boucicault, the original of Moira Loney, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who has been acting it with such conspicuous success with Mr. John Hare during his tour. Miss Dorothea Baird will also return to the stage after a long absence, while Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Mr. George Shelton, both of whom have distinguished themselves in Barrie plays, will also be seen, with Mr. Lupino and Master George Hersee, as well as Miss Pauline Chase and Miss Joan Burnett, whose performance of a small part in Mr. Barrie's wedding-play at the Garrick lives vividly in the memory, a play in which, by the way, Miss Dorothea Baird also acted.



MISS HELEN BLANCHE,
PLAYING IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Johns.

Mrs. Kendal stands supreme among the actresses on our stage. Still, it must not be forgotten that in comedy both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal shine, and Mr. Kendal's performance of the Captain in "Impulse" was one of the rarest bits of acting during their tenancy of the St. James's. Their new play, which was to have been produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, last night (Tuesday), is called "The Housekeeper," and is written in collaboration by Mrs. Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Mr. Metcalfe Wood, the latter of whom will be remembered as one of the authors of "The Elder Miss Blossom," while Mrs. Heron-Maxwell's name is familiar in the world of fiction.

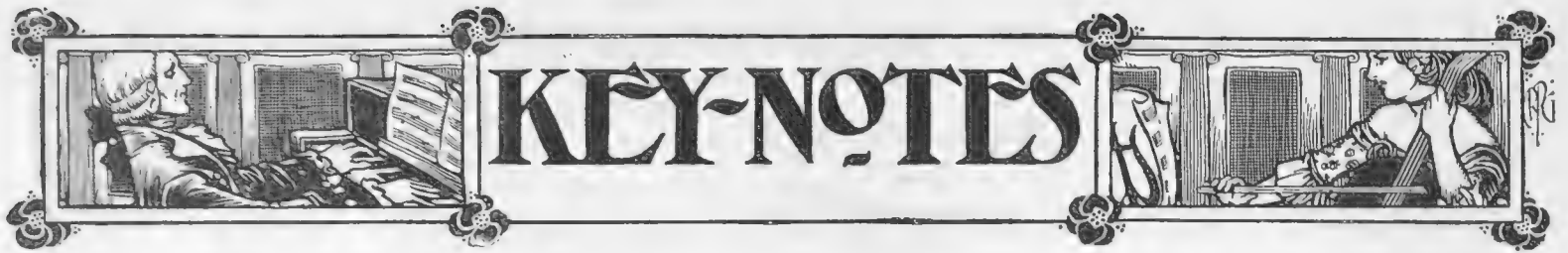
Miss Vera Beringer, whose portrait appears on page 226 of this issue, will appear about Christmas-time as the heroine of the adaptation of Lord Lytton's "Coming Race," written by Mr. David Christie Murray and Mr. J. N. Maskelyne junior, which Mr. Maskelyne, the wizard of the Egyptian Hall, will produce at St. George's Hall. In this play the stage will welcome back to active service Mr. Hermann Vezin, who, approaching the completion of his seventy-sixth year, is possibly the *doyen* of the actors in harness, though his mental and physical vigour and his capacity for withstanding fatigue belie the evidence of his years. In this respect he is to be compared with Signor Salvini, to whom reference was made last week, for Mr. Vezin could undoubtedly play Othello to-morrow evening, if necessary, without feeling the strain.

In order to enable the famous wizard of Piccadilly to introduce his effects on a more elaborate scale, the former home of the German Reeds and the amateur actor has been considerably altered, and an electrical installation, probably unsurpassed by any other theatre, has been made. Rumour speaks of many startling effects, which will doubtless be due to the use of the "subtle current," as some writers persist in calling it. One thing is certain, that the lighting of the stage will be under such absolute control that the graduation of the illumination from the effect of midnight to that of high noon can be obtained in the most delicate manner by means of what is known as the "Wirt dimmer." This is regarded by all American electricians as the finest device yet invented for the purpose of preventing jerky



AN "AT HOME" PORTRAIT OF MISS BILLIE BURKE,
WHO IS NOW PLAYING MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE'S PART IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANZIG" ON TOUR.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



KEY-NOTES

CONCERTS are now beginning to show themselves for the public delight and the public approval. I remember very well a certain correspondent of the *Times* who, years ago, used to think that his correspondence was sufficiently accomplished by a certain telegram: "Brigandage in Italy is slowly rearing its head, and an eruption of Vesuvius is hourly expected." Such, indeed, is the sort of journalistic sentiment of news-making which has no real relation with the world of this day, but one cannot help feeling that the curious phrases which belonged to the time of our grandfathers are still in vogue at the present day. The fact is that, by reason of a most determined attack upon the commonplace things of concerts, the finer work of the greatest men has actually been brought to the front by the most eminent and most intellectual interpreters that the present generation has ever known. It would be absurd, of course, to deny the great capacity of the past; but we have the right to indulge in the greater capacity of the present.

One of the best signs of the time is involved with the excellent patronage which both the King and the Queen give to modern music, or, if not to modern music itself, to a more ancient style of music interpreted by modern singers. Queen Victoria was content with Mendelssohn, as one of the great composers of her own generation: she was his splendid patron, if one may describe her in the phrase actually used by Mendelssohn; the Prince Consort was equally appreciative of the man's work, and it was, no doubt, owing to their double patronage that he gave so much of his time to English nature and to the thought that was prevalent in the 'fifties, or thereabouts, in English towns and English provinces. There is probably no more popular musician than Mendelssohn at the present moment in England; and this is, no doubt, due to the fact that he determined to write what was to him the higher music of his own country, his Teutonic country, which had gone farther in his own line than the Germany from which he was born and bred.

It will take a great deal of appreciation, of learning, of individual feeling, and of special criticism before Mendelssohn reaches his really great position in art. Many of us have tried to place him exactly where he should stand, but we very much fear that it requires more than eternal controversies to fix his exact place which at the beginning was assigned to him. The Jewish race is in this point so extraordinary that it comes to its own actual fulfilment of thought so quickly and with so ethereal a meaning that the Western races are not capable of understanding their real meaning and intelligence. The actual fact seems to us to lie in a most certain truth that, because the Jew comes to his intelligence early in life, it is not possible for him to take up the things left for his inheritance at a later period of his existence.

'Tis possibly a charge against his race which he may resent and upon some special occasion may contradict. Yet Wagner was more or less right in his wonderful essay on Judaism in Music; one says "more or less right" simply because one feels that Wagner, who spoke to the world through a wonderful brain which had its thoughts alone centred in music, may be respected and acknowledged because he was determined that, in the long run, the West and not the East should gain the victory in the art which he made his own, and which he was so anxious should belong to his own country, his own people, as it were, to them that had advanced his position at every point, before he attained that supremacy which was given to him as a present at the moment of his birth.

M. Maurel, whose appearance at Covent Garden during the last fortnight has naturally attracted great attention to himself, has renewed an acquaintance with England which is now some twelve or fourteen years of age. I remember very well the occasion of his appearance in the part

of Don Giovanni all those many years ago. "He has taken infinite pains with himself," I wrote on that occasion; "he has trained to a consummation of culture. He has reached an absolute of self-control. Therefore M. Maurel, dramatic and vocal critic, content with naught but pre-eminence, fashioned a beautiful art for himself. A beautiful art truly; perhaps faultily faultless, sometimes splendidly null, always icily regular, but beautiful with a classic beauty." The self-conscious feeling which directed his footsteps in those old times has partly forsaken him, even though with its remnant of thoughtfulness it still stands him in good stead. His art, however, remains as great as it always was, and it will surely be recorded of him that very few men of his own generation so fulfilled the gifts wherewith he was endowed as did Victor Maurel. He has been attacked by a formidable combination of enemies; but his intelligence has overcome that combination even to our own day; and it may really be said that he has triumphed over that combination. Singer, actor, teacher, philosopher, M. Maurel has stepped through life very much in the same way as the great men who have passed from us, taught how to walk as gentlemen and to teach as an artist.

Mr. Joseph O'Mara has been very much the object of interest in the North of England, where he has been booked for a performance of "Tristan," in conjunction with Madame Blanche Marchesi, who was to take the part of Isolde. The sudden and regrettable illness of Mr. O'Mara involved the postponement of the performance until Saturday afternoon; but so finely was the work performed that one has no words save those of congratulation for both the Tristan and the Isolde of the occasion. Madame Blanche Marchesi is nothing if not an enthusiast; she has enormous interests in the music which, with her singular intelligence, she chooses for interpretation. Mr. Robert Hichens, in days long gone by, made a similar point in a long paper devoted to her powers; I also willingly recognise that, so far as passionate feeling is concerned, so far, also, as intelligence is involved, so far, too, as thoughtfulness and intellectual expression of that thought go, Madame Blanche Marchesi is probably among the great singers—in the forefront, indeed, of our time. Her personality is most exceptional; she, according to my own idea, scarcely realises how tremendous an influence she wields over the audiences who are called to hear her when she is at her best. But that, of course, matters little. The point is: "How does she actually do her work?" The answer is obviously to this effect: Although possibly not vocally gifted with a purity of vocal accomplishment such as one reads of in connection with the singers of old, old days, she nevertheless directs her voice with so careful and intelligent a judgment that one no longer thinks of what might be called original and natural gifts, compared to this splendid accomplishment for which she alone is responsible.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Ethel Weatherley is one of the most cultivated and successful of twentieth-century British singers. She was a favourite pupil of Mr. Bantock-Pierpoint, and, after having studied with him for a considerable time, she went to Paris and worked with Madame Marie Roze. Miss Weatherley became at once a favourite of the public; and she has sung on many important occasions and took part in the first performance of the Song Cycle, "Fairyland," by Orlando Morgan.



MISS ETHEL WEATHERLEY, A PARTICULARLY PROMISING YOUNG SINGER.

Photograph by Swaine, Southsea.



MISS ALINE MAY, TO APPEAR IN "LADYLAND," THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



The Stanley Show—Clothes for Cold Weather—Dangers of Frost—Roman Roads—Sir Walter Gilbey on Speed.

ONE of the features of the Stanley Show was to be found in the Minor Hall, where, amongst many other interesting exhibits, the well-known and old-established cycle-making firm were showing a new two-seated, four-cylinder, 10 horse-power car at the remarkably low price of £215. This car is turned out at the new and perfectly appointed motor-works at Beeston, where so much good work has already been done. The little car—for, although propelled by a four-cylinder engine, it must be called a little car—is one of the most attractive motors I have yet seen, finished both as to its mechanical parts and its body with that neatness and good work and taste which have always distinguished the output of this firm from the earliest days, when their high bicycles were the smartest machines on the road.

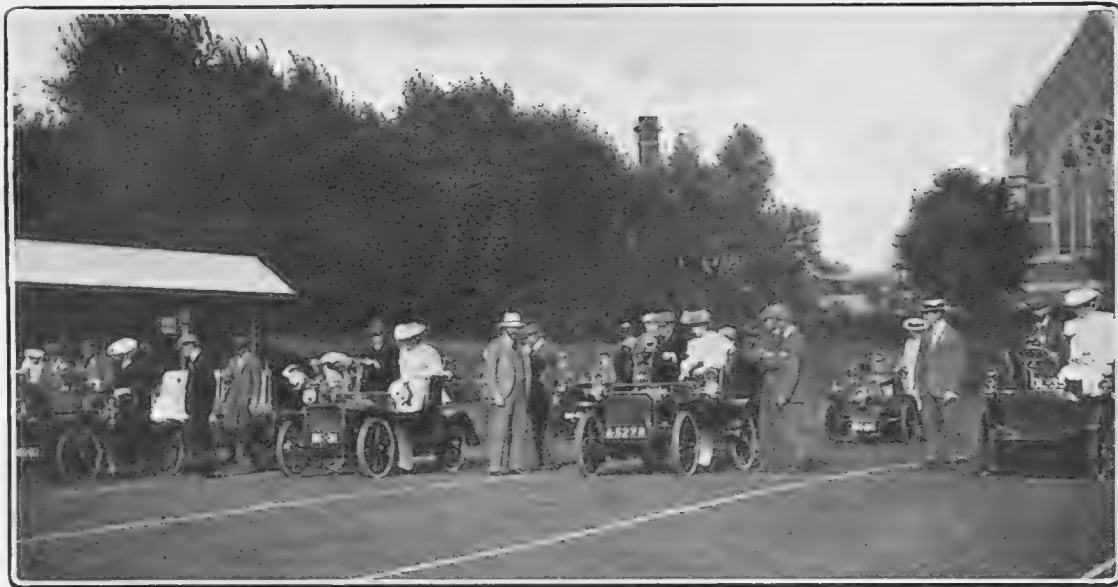
The cold snap which astonished us all so much last week and which came so suddenly will, in view of the open weather we have enjoyed of late, find many motorists quite unprepared for the low temperature and the piercing winds. As we are promised a hard winter, and as motoring is a most delightful pastime in hard, bright weather—provided only that those who indulge in it are amply and properly clothed—thought should be taken as to what is best to be worn. The clothing that has served well enough in the open autumnal weather that has obtained until just lately will be found quite inadequate when the air is keen with frost. Only those who have experienced it know how such air, met with an impact of twenty miles per hour (if not more), when that air may be blowing in a contrary direction at anything up to the same speed, will just pass through any ordinary clothing, however thick, as though it were a sieve, and impinge upon the skin with a deadly, chilling effect. The clothing worn must be made wind-proof by leather lining or other wind-proof substances, and, being so, then need not be nearly as heavy as such garments are too often found to be. Motoring tailors who have given the subject consideration take particular care to so cut coats round the neck that the collars turn up deeply and closely and altogether exclude draughts from getting down the neck. Then, stiff, gauntleted, fingerless gloves, worn over the coat-cuffs, which should be made with wind-cuffs within, are a great protection. In the back-seat of a car good use can be made of ordinary carriage-rugs, but the passenger on the front-seat requires one made with a foot-sack if he is to be quite comfortable.

When touring, with the temperature below freezing-point, thought should be taken to throw a rug over the radiator and bonnet, to keep everything as warm as possible, if the car is left for any time in the open. The heat radiating from the radiator and engine is more or less retained, and the danger to water-tubes averted. This is a subject which should have attention in frosty weather, for a radiator or a cylinder-jacket cracked by frost may not only mean much inconvenience, but a very costly replacement. There are many suggestions afloat as to the use of glycerine or certain chemicals in the water, but, though these have been largely discussed in the columns of the Motor Press, no settled formula has resulted. The use of glycerine, though effective enough, is expensive, and, on the whole, it is, I think, better to exercise such care as I have suggested, and to have a draw-off cock placed at the lowest point of the water-circulation system, in order to drain all the water out in case the car is likely to stand long unused in an unsheltered or unheated place.

At the second annual dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Mr. W. Bull, M.P. for the Borough of Hammersmith, in proposing the health of the Chairman, Mr. Sidney Straker, made a most excellent suggestion. He pointed out that for a hundred years and more no new highway had been laid out in this country, the roads of which were practically in the same condition as they were left by the coaching interest in the early part of last century. Mr. Bull suggested that the unemployed should be given employment in scouring out and making good many of the old, grass-grown Roman roads, which would make admirable motor-highways. It is true that the Roman highway-engineers never made two bites of a cherry, and, when setting out a road from A to B, just set it out straight without further ado, and went up hill and down dale in a bee-line until their objective was reached. This amiable weakness—or, should I say, strength?—makes the Roman roads something of a hard row to hoe for horsed traffic, but would present no difficulties worth consideration to up-to-date self-propelled traffic. Mr. Bull's suggestion is an excellent one, but I fear that the dunderheadedness of the innumerable bodies controlling our roads will stand in the way of it being put into execution.

In the current issue of the *National Review* Sir Walter Gilbey refers to the question of the speed of motor-cars, and therein makes statements which point to his entire lack of acquaintance with motor-cars and their control. I will give everything to Sir Walter where the hay-fed motor is concerned, but thereafter a line must be drawn. Sir

Walter talks of French national roads sixty feet in width. Well, I have cycled and motored in that country over most of the roads chosen for motor-speed events in past years, and nowhere can I recall a road of the extraordinary width he mentions. Sir Walter refers to twenty miles an hour as a racing speed. Of course, it is nothing of the kind, being frequently exceeded by pedal cycles and approached by the somewhat uncontrollable horse-drawn vehicle, and even more nearly attained if not exceeded by the indirigible and much less controllable electric tram-car. Because in 1820, nearly one hundred years ago, the Legislature forbade the speed of fifteen miles per hour for a coach as dangerous, Sir Walter Gilbey concludes that the very moderate legal twenty per hour for motor-cars must be even more perilous. Was ever such a fossilised idea? Contrast the top-heavy, rolling, swaying, blundering coach-and-four, with real driving control over the two wheelers alone, and the leaders each doing practically as it chose, swinging along from side to side at fifteen miles per hour, and the straight, certain, direct, and instantly dirigible progress of the low-centre-of-gravity automobile at twenty or even thirty miles per hour, and let any person gifted with an average amount of common-sense say which is the safer vehicle. Sir Walter Gilbey appears to contend that, although horses have become accustomed to trains, they are not likely to become habited to motor-cars. That may be the case with Sir Walter's innumerable cattle, but it certainly is not so with the horses of the rest of the world. The very reverse is the fact, for in the Home Counties particularly it is now the very rare exception to meet a horse in a day's motoring that shows any signs of fear of a motor-car. "Moreover," says Sir Walter, "the dangers of the fast coach were regarded with a lenient eye, for that vehicle filled a place in the social economy of our grandfathers very different from that occupied by the motor in our own." At present, possibly; but wait and see, Sir Walter; wait and see.



UNITED SERVICES GYMKHANA AT PORTSMOUTH: IN THIS HEAT ALL THE CARS WERE HUMBERETTES.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Next Year—Steeplechase Jockeys—The Weather—Kempton.

IN six weeks' time the entries for many of the principal Spring Handicaps of 1905 will be forthcoming, and sportsmen will search the guides with a view to bringing off double and treble events. The Lincoln Handicap is, next to the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, the best betting medium of the year, while it is asserted that more doubles are made on the Carholme race and the Grand National than take place over the two autumn handicaps at Newmarket. Future-event betting, by-the-bye, has grown apace of late, and the Continental firms did more in futures during the season of 1904 than they had transacted since the war broke out in South Africa. Strange to say, the little punters had a good year, as they managed to find the winners of the majority of the big handicaps, to say nothing of the winners of the classics. But occasionally the punters were worsted, and I am told that over the City and Suburban one firm had seven thousand transactions, and out of that number only three backed Robert le Diable, who, it will be remembered, started at 40 to 1. No end of double events were brought off over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and, strange as it may appear, several 'cute backers brought off the double of Uninsured for the Lincoln Handicap and Morffa for the Grand National, the latter starting at 25 to 1.

It is sad to hear that many of the steeplechase jockeys are practically penniless, but some of them have only themselves to blame, as they spend their money faster than they get it—to use an Irishism. I know of several jockeys holding licences under National Hunt Rules to-day who have handled thousands of pounds in their time, and do not now possess a sixpence of their own. High living, gambling, and all-round extravagance are the cause of their pitiful position to-day. My idea is that jockeys should be made to earn what they get, and to get what they earn, and no more. I never gave a jockey a single halfpenny over and above his fee for riding a winner for me, and never would on principle. The system of making presents to jockeys, in my opinion, only helps to pauperise them, and it should be put down by the authorities. It is a great pity, I think, that National Hunt jockeys are not more highly educated. Rough-riders and pulling jockeys are all very well in their way, and they may be of use to owners on occasion, but the majority of them can do no good for themselves, as they are far too ignorant to imbibe even the first principles of thrift. If I had my way, some of them would attend night-school three times in each week to be taught how to help themselves—not in racecourse fashion, by-the-bye.

The wind-up to the flat-racing season was disappointing, owing to the terrible weather, and it was especially hard on the Warwick executive to have to abandon their meeting after clearing the course of snow. I cannot for the life of me see why flat-racing should necessarily close on a certain day. I have often wondered why some smart inventor has not devised, say, a warm roller to be used on our racecourses to free them from frost and snow. The loss over an abandoned meeting is very heavy, and it behoves Clerks of Courses to insure all fixtures made to

take place between the beginning of November and the end of March. The Railway Companies, too, are big losers when race-meetings are abandoned, as they are the advertising expenses out-of-pocket. However, the railways do fairly well, as a rule, out of their racing traffic, and I may mention that a certain Traffic Superintendent, who some years ago told the late Mr. Charles Greenwood that his Company did not seek the patronage of racegoers, is now one of the keenest railway officials in the matter of catering for race-meetings.

The jumping meetings at Kempton Park always attract a big crowd, and I expect the meeting on Friday and Saturday will be well patronised. Every inch of the jumping-races can be seen, and that, too, from the shelter of the Grand Stand, which, in my opinion, should be utilised by the members of Tattersall's Ring and not be kept for the use of the Ten-shilling Ring, which is never very full. The Club Stand at Kempton is a very cosy one, and I am not surprised to hear that the members' list is a large one. His Majesty has for many years been a member of the Kempton Park Club, and he is very partial to the meeting. Fifteen of the twenty-five entries for the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on Friday have accepted, and the majority of those should go to the post. But a good many of our jumpers are only half-trained as yet, and backers should have a care. I think Karakoul looks best on paper, especially if George Williamson takes the mount. Lucinda, if she would only try, is given a big chance, but she is a jade and cannot be trusted. Strange to say, there are also fifteen acceptances for the Middlesex Steeplechase, to be run on Saturday. I should declare for Sincerity, but the horse has fallen twice and may do so again, although I think the country here is easier than at either Sandown or Hurst Park. I shall give my vote to Phil May.

CAPTAIN COE.

"Grantham, J.," as the Law Reports call him, bids fair to go down in history as the Judge who dared to tackle a Rural District Council. These worthies must now be feeling that their absurd building regulations are not very safe, for his energetic Lordship has not only headed a deputation to the Local Government Board, but has begun to build in spite of the local ædiles. Sir William Grantham himself

modestly attributes his elevation to the Bench to a mistake on the part of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty heard someone describe the then Member for Croydon as "a good judge," but the further words "of a horse" did not reach her ear. Perhaps, if they had, a very warm-hearted and painstaking lawyer would have been lost to the Bench. Sir William's evidence before the Beck Committee threw a flood of light on the immense trouble which our Judges take over their cases behind the scenes. As it was, he very nearly discovered the wrong which had been done to Mr. Beck. Sir William is Treasurer of his Inn (the Inner Temple) this year, and at the recent Grand Day Dinner he paid the Japanese Minister, who was one of the guests, a pretty compliment—nothing less than the war-flag of the Japanese, worked in chrysanthemums of divers colours, by way of table-decoration.



A SPORTING JUDGE: SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM ON HIS WAY TO SUPERINTEND THE BUILDING OF 'THE CELEBRATED COTTAGE.'

Photograph by Reeves, Lewes.

OUR LADIES PAGES.

THE laws of the Medes and Persians no longer hold the mirror of form to modern traders, who have broken away from the traditional periods of sale-time in January and July, and hold their weeks of bargaining and bargains whenever it seemeth good and seasonable to do so. Following this special line of argument, which proclaims that *chic* and cheapened wearables are as welcome to women before Christmas as afterwards, Lola, of Dover Street, announces a sale of all her specialities to commence on Dec. 5. This will be an opportunity to secure smart gowns, Parisian millinery, and luxurious accessories of the "little toilette" at extremely reduced prices, and, no doubt, many women will gladly avail of the exceptional chance offered by it to buy Christmas presents, for themselves and others, in the shape of model silk petticoats, pelerines, boas, and the hundred other items of the well-groomed altogether.

The mention of Christmas and its appropriate gift-giving brings to mind one of the most practical, universally used, and therefore welcome cadeaux which it is possible to receive or bestow, and that is a "Swan" fountain-pen, without which, it may at once be said, no pocket, however substantially lined, is sufficiently fitted or completely equipped. Mabie, Todd, and Bard are the originators of this crowning invention of modern needs, and from 93, Cheapside, a very full and

explicit catalogue is obtainable, setting forth the styles, kinds, and prices of "Swan" fountain-pens suitable to every condition. Each is provided with a gold nib which is not affected by any known ink, and, while steel corrodes and the classic goose-quill softens, the

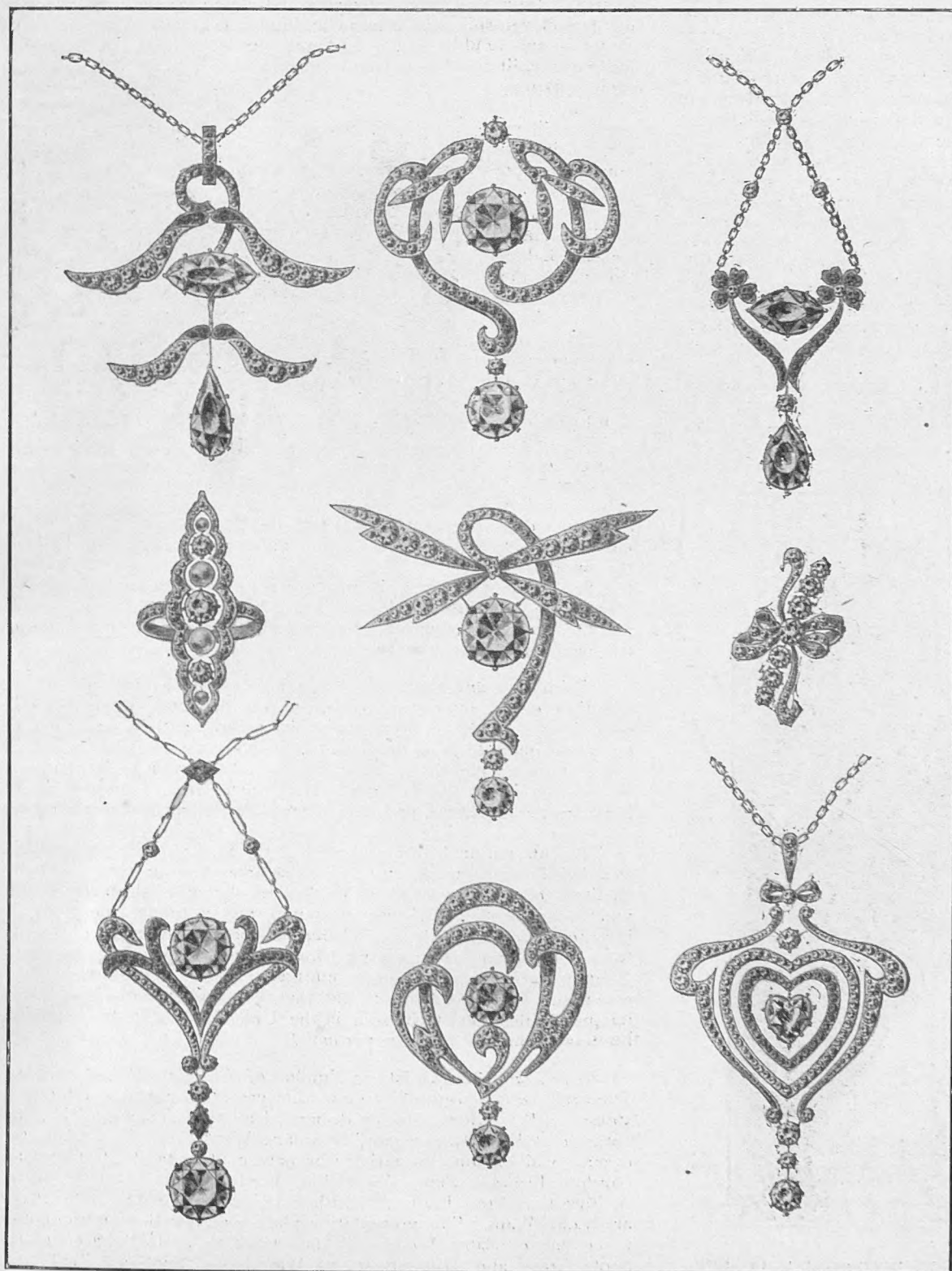


A "SWAN" FOUNTAIN-PEN.

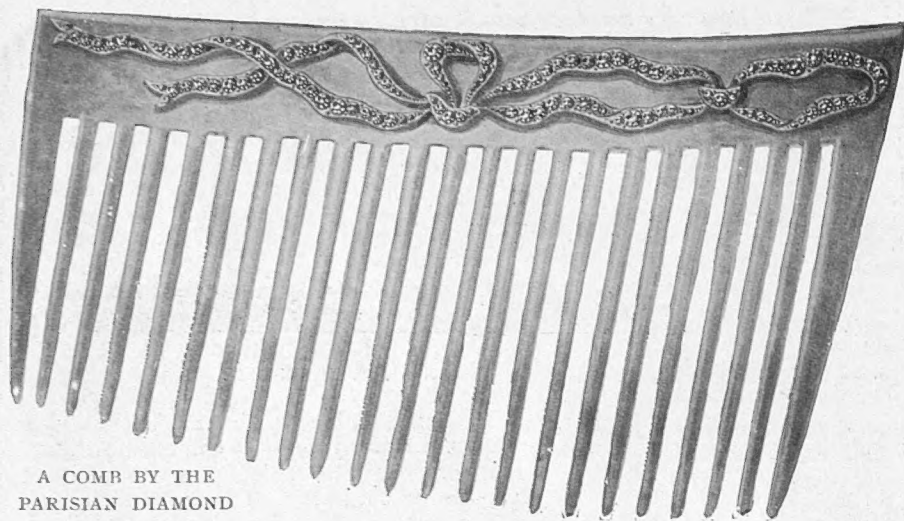
"Swan" fountain retains imperishable youth and flexibility. Its reservoir of ink is sufficient for many hours' continuous writing, and the beauty is that it remains equally suitable for correspondence as for literary work and pen-and-ink drawing. Oliver Wendell Holmes and poor Phil May were amongst the "Swan" pen's warmest adherents, and an international public daily confirms the approbation of such master-minds. Finally, one has only to add that the price of these pens is within reach of all. Beginning at half-a-guinea, one can ring the changes at every step up to fifty-five shillings for an entire rolled-gold case, or higher still in solid gold; but the pen itself remains "the thing," whether cased in shagreen or silver, and, whatever the pomp or circumstance of its outward envelope, is the one and only practical writing-implement of modern usage.

Together with the rest of the trading world, the firm known as the Association of Diamond Merchants is preparing novelties for the approaching season of Christmas, and some illustrations of their style appear on this page which will, no doubt, appeal to all admirers of modern jewellery. Eye-shaped diamonds, as they are called, are introduced in several pendants and brooches, as well as the round stone of our familiar affections. A great variety in pendants is noticeable, and one, which looks like a dragon-fly or a note of interrogation, or both, is quite a handsome jewel, with large central diamond and others of fine quality. The fashion of wearing large and fancifully shaped rings has come back from the shades of the eighteenth century, and the "half-hoop," beyond which at one time our imaginations could not soar, is now merely commonplace. Two rings illustrated here are examples of what present feminine taste takes delight in—the large Marquise and the "Concentrique," as they are sometimes called in France, where they originated. The Association of Diamond Merchants have just issued, as a supplement to their ordinary large catalogue, a well-illustrated brochure which gives illustrations of their latest designs and departures in Christmas presents, beginning at a modest three-and-sixpence even unto a lordly five hundred sterling. By a system of deferred payments, extending over twenty months, any quantity of jewellery may be obtained, the convenience of which system is too obvious in these times of universal display and hard-uppishness to need enlarging upon. A point to be remembered, moreover, in this connection is that an increased price for credit is not asked, while those who pay cash are allowed five per cent. off the marked prices.

The gentle art of beauty is being pleasantly, efficiently, and, one hopes, profitably pursued by Madame Alice Cross, of 70, Newman Street, Oxford Street, whose "Beauty Cream," "Beauty Powder,"



ATTRACTIVE JEWELLERY AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

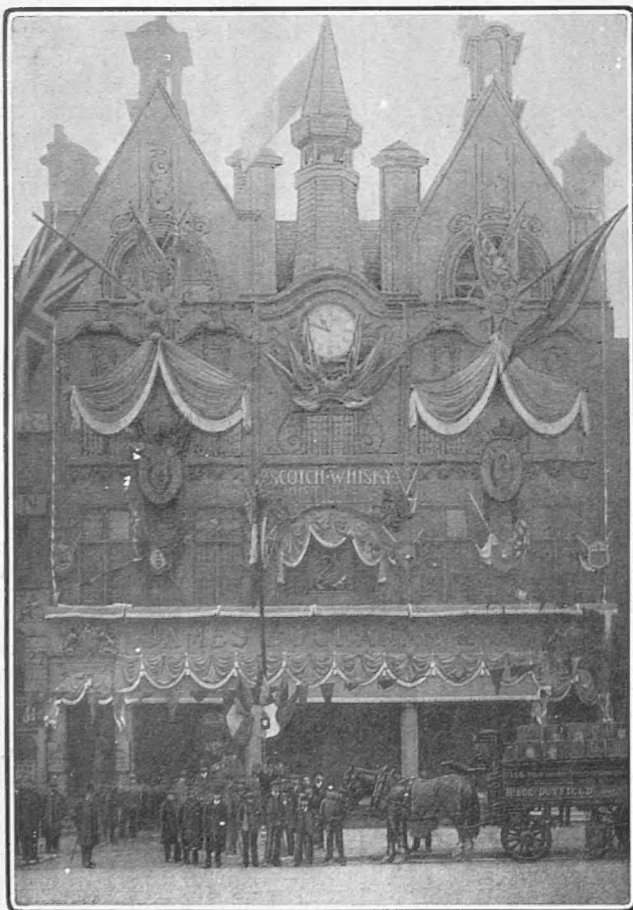


A COMB BY THE
PARISIAN DIAMOND
COMPANY.

"Rose Bloom," "Goldena," "Snow Cream," and other exclusive specialities are having a great vogue just now. Madame Alice Cross offers a free trial of her "beauty preparations" to those who wish to assure themselves of their value—which in itself is an argument in favour of their genuineness and efficacy.

The new method of arranging the hair at back recently imported from Paris seems to have caught on—chiefly because it is a change from the flat style which has prevailed so long and which is against all artistic canons and traditions. Combs are worn lengthwise which accentuate the *pouf* at the back of one's head, and a very charming example by the Parisian Diamond Company is that reproduced on this page, the ribbon of diamonds being a particularly good design. Another popular novelty of this ever-enterprising Company is the pear-shaped pearl ear-ring set in an acorn-cup of brilliants. A pair imbedded in a dainty blue or white velvet case makes an exceedingly elegant and welcome present that may be usefully remembered now that the season for benefactions and bestowals once more appears on our near horizon.

The American Shoe Company is, appropriately enough, treading the flowery way of success by means of its excellent foot-gear, and, as a further proof of the appreciation which Brother Jonathan's native-made shoes and boots meet with this side of the herring-pond, is about to again extend its fine premises in Regent Street so as to cope with the constantly increasing flow of customers. Not alone are ladies' boots a speciality, but men's and children's foot-wearables are just as assiduously and carefully catered for. The particular style which characterises the American Shoe Company's productions made, in fact,



MESSRS. J. BUCHANAN AND CO.'S OFFICES DECORATED IN HONOUR
OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO THE GUILDHALL.

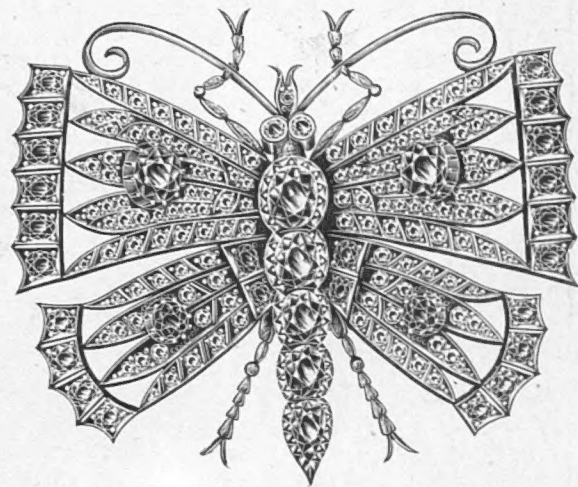
an immediate appeal to people of taste over here on its first introduction, and since then the graceful, well-made Transatlantic *bottine* has a yearly increasing popularity amongst Englishwomen of taste.

Christmas being in the popular imagination, if not in reality, a time of greatly increased demands upon the cuisine, it will be useful for young housekeepers (and, indeed, old) to note that delicious, nutritious, and quickly made soups and gravies are prepared with the help of the inimitable "Maggi," a few drops transforming soups, stocks, and entrées into the quintessence of fine flavouring such as a mere ordinary cook could not achieve in a lifetime. "Consommé," clear, strong, admirably flavoured, is another speciality of Maggi's. "Gluten Cocoa" is a particularly strengthening version of the ordinary beverage, and a fourth, and perhaps crowning, invention is the series of French soups, which include the best standard favourites of the gourmet in their finest form, such as "Printanier," "Bonne Femme," "Croûte au Pot," and others variously. Cosenza, of Wigmore Street, the well-known *charcutier*, is sole agent for all these good things, and through him, therefore, are they to be obtained—a

fact decidedly worth "making a note on," after the immortal example of Captain Cuttle. SYBIL.

For the Wye Steeplechases to-morrow (Thursday, Dec. 1) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains. A train conveying first-class passengers only (return day fare eleven shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 10.50 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge. Another train (third class only, return fare seven shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 10.35 a.m., calling at the same stations, also at New Cross. These fares include admission to the course.

The Grand Century Ball at Covent Garden on Friday next (Dec. 2) will be the hundredth given under the management of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth. It was originally intended to give the ball at an earlier date, but, owing to the success of the San Carlo Company, it was postponed. Entirely new scenery, representing Constantinople, has been painted by Mr. Harry Brooke, and the handsome diamond, ruby, and sapphire brooch illustrated on this page will form the first prize.



COVENT GARDEN GRAND CENTURY BALL: THE
FIRST PRIZE.

"With Pen and Camera" (just published by Everett and Co.) is the title of an interesting collection of illustrated interviews with celebrities. Mr. W. B. Northrop is its author, and he has used his pen and camera to good purpose. His subjects include both English and American celebrities, Mark Twain, Lord Avebury, Mr. Anthony Hope, the Right Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Madame Sarah Grand, and Mrs. Brown-Potter, among many others.

The International Jury of Award of the St. Louis Exhibition have awarded a silver medal to the Pulsometer Engineering Company, Limited, of Reading (makers of the well-known Pulsometer steam-pump), for the "Geryk" vacuum-pump, and a bronze medal to the inventor, Mr. H. A. Fleuss. Owing to the high vacuum obtainable from it, this pump is largely used for exhausting incandescent lamps, Röntgen-ray tubes, and other purposes where a high vacuum is essential. It is satisfactory to find that the excellence of these British pumps enables them to be sold in the United States, notwithstanding the import duty of forty-five per cent.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is especially good this year. It contains interesting stories by Pett Ridge, Morley Roberts, Katharine Tynan, "Rita," the author of "Wee Macgregor," Florence Warden, B. M. Croker, and others; while among the artists who have contributed to its pages are Gordon Browne, Caton Woodville, Fred Pegram, Harry Furniss, A. Forestier, Fred Barnard, E. Blair Leighton, J. MacWhirter, R.A., and Louis Wain. The presentation plate is an excellent reproduction in colours of Caton Woodville's fine painting of the charge of the Scots Greys and Highlanders at Waterloo—"Scotland Yet! On to Victory!"

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 13.

YANKEES IN THE SHADE.

SO far as London is concerned, the American Market is considerably overshadowed by the animation in Kaffirs. Most speculators know the tradition about the inability of the House to keep more than one boom going at a time, but this theory is only applicable to Yankees in a modified form, because the American Market is being worked from Wall Street; we have taken a secondary position on this side, and for some time past have allowed New York to make nearly all the running. The wire-pullers across the pond are apparently still in agreement, which is a somewhat remarkable thing considering how long their spell of friendship has already lasted, only broken by a harmless, necessary squabble, which, perhaps, acted as a safety-valve, and yet was not acute enough to hurt the generally good relations of the lines beneath the magnates' control. The enormous rise deters fresh buying except of the in-and-out description, and there can be no doubt that the advance in Steel shares, to take only one example, has its origin in the manipulative abilities of a clever clique. Nevertheless, they are probably going higher.

NOT UNLIKE A BOOM.

Kaffir business has developed during the last week into something not unlike a boom, and, while the growl still ascends that it is the insiders instead of the outsiders whose orders are forcing prices along, the fact is evident that a much greater volume of general business has set in. The pace of prices, to our way of thinking, looks unnecessarily fast, and we should be no whit surprised if the market gave way to some extent even before these pages get into their readers' hands. Of the underlying soundness of the market, however, nothing uncomplimentary can be said. Sound authorities, whose views, as a rule, tend rather towards the conservative side of things, are in agreement that in the early part of next year the Kaffir Circus will be in the full tide of an immense business. Against this opinion the chief objection seems to us to lie in the prices now current for what are called the leading Kaffir counters. In '95 the boom started from a level that was at least fairly low, and, while prices went ultimately to absurd heights, the beginning of the rise had a reasonable platform from which to spring. But now the case is very different. Taking only four of the most active shares, what scope can there be for any dramatic rise in Rand Mines, Modders, Gold Fields, or East Rands? There is so circumscribed a room for further advance that the public will eschew such old-time favourites for others whose quotations are low enough to afford at least a fair hope of elasticity. The class most immediately at hand in this respect is, of course, the Deeper Deep Level shares, and the lesser-known specialties of the Far Eastern Randt. The details of some of the best Companies we shall have more space to consider on a future occasion.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Aha!" cried The Jobber, cheerily, as he stepped into the compartment; "and how are we all this morning?"

Nobody answered: not even The Banker.

"Sorry you are all so snowed-up-at-Chatsworth-doncherknow," continued the speaker, sympathetically. "I had a Kaffir tip or two to offer, but now—"

"They're far too high," declared The City Editor.

"Ever so much too high," confirmed The Engineer, whose own growth in stature had not kept pace with that of his wisdom. Consequently, The Jobber's next remark went home.

"No personalities, if you please," put in The Solicitor, pacifically. "Kaffirs seem to have come to stay; eh—what?"

"As I always told you they would," The Jobber went on. "Didn't I, brokie?"

"Er—yes—what did you say?" answered The Broker, emerging from his newspaper. "I have already tried in two quarters," he added, addressing The Banker, "and I cannot get the offer of that Trust stock."

"That's because you only half-tried," was The Jobber's comment. The Broker asked what he meant.

"If you try in two quarters, isn't that a half-try? You might do the whole business if you went to four quarters."

"Why don't you keep that silly sort of rot for the day when some fool puts our conversation in *The Sketch*?" demanded The Broker, angrily.

The Banker interposed by saying he knew it was difficult to buy good Trust Companies' stocks.

"What do you consider good?" The Engineer inquired.

"As steady investments, I should favour Army and Navy Preferred, Bankers' Trust Preferred, or something of that description."

"Good stock," nodded The Broker, in confirmation.

"Do you see how Mexican Central 'B' Debentures have risen?" said The City Editor.

"They tell me the price will go to 75," observed The Broker.

"On which point I may, perhaps, be permitted a little scepticism."

The Jobber looked at him with exaggerated admiration, but the threatened remark was averted by The City Editor asking if the rise in Mexican Rails were over.

"It is only at its beginning," affirmed The Engineer.

"All Mexican things are going better," The Broker announced.

"The currency reform, the awakening of trade in the country, the exploitation of Mexico by the Yankees, the—"

"What paper have you been reading, brokie?" and The Jobber assumed a judicial air.

"I shall buy myself some Mexican Seconds," and The Engineer spoke as though he were defying the lightning.

"How much?" asked The Broker, prosaically.

The Solicitor hoped that his frequent tip to buy Gas Light Ordinary stock had been taken before the recent quick rise.

"It is singular how the irony of fate comes out even in financial—"

"Newspapers?" suggested The Jobber.

"Financial affairs, I had intended to say," smiled The Banker.

"Gas stocks recover after depression caused by fears of competition by the electric-light. Omnibus stocks and shares are no longer oppressed in price by the dread of what the Tube concerns will do, and so on in a dozen different ways."

"Telegraph stocks have got over Marconi shocks," The Broker went on.

"Kaffirs have recovered from the Yankee gamble," The Jobber airily added.

"And Rhodesian bankruptcy is forgotten in the rush after shares in Companies which possibly may, and probably may not, be affected by the alluvial discoveries."

"My dear Ed.," returned The Jobber, colloquially, "you absolutely don't know one word of what you're talking about."

"All serene," was the reply. "Prove I'm wrong: it's *your* funeral."

"It is enough to kill a man, certainly," The Jobber retorted, "to hear all this gas about"

Rhodesians. That market is all right," and he looked round quite angrily.

"That is the average member of the Stock Exchange all over," and The Solicitor took up the cudgels on behalf of The City Editor. "You go by the look of the market instead of the intrinsic value of the shares."

"And it is the intrinsic value that counts in the long run," said The City Editor, incautiously. The storm raged round his devoted head for nearly five minutes, even The Solicitor mildly protesting against his friend's dictum.

"Nevertheless, the House looks too much at the appearance of the market at the moment, as our legal luminary says," The Engineer remarked.

"I believe that Rhodesians and Egyptians are going better," maintained The Jobber, stoutly.

"Rhodesians, no: Egyptians, yes," said The Broker.

"Categorical, yet vague," commented The City Editor.

"Well, then, Mummies and Nile Valleys are worth having, but Tangans. and Rhodesia Ex. are not."

"Can't make out why Mozambiques haven't risen more," complained The Jobber.

"Probably because I'm a bull of a couple of hundred," laughed The Engineer.

"They are worth having now, although the price is up about five shillings."

"I'm going to wait for a reaction before I buy any more Kaffirs," observed The Broker. "There is one due pretty shortly."

"Why?"

"Because, in the nature of things, the market can't sprint along without a relapse, and when it comes—"

"You'll want to go a bear," The City Editor finished for him. "There is no consistency in a member of the Stock Exchange."

The Jobber pulled up one of his sleeves and began to feel his biceps. "What are you doing?" asked The City Editor, voicing the general unspoken question.

"Oh, just feeling the consistency of my muscles," The Jobber replied. "Where will you have the first specimen of it?"



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINES: THE CARIBOO CONSOLIDATED SHAFT-HOUSE.

"THE GOLD-MINES OF THE WITWATERSRAND."

Under this title, Mr. L. Kessler has just published a most interesting little book which should be in the hands of every intelligent mining investor. That there is going to be a revival of interest in Kaffirs at no distant date everybody connected with the Stock Exchange firmly believes, and the man who has read and understood Mr. Kessler's volume—it really does not take any great effort of brain—will have a distinct advantage over his less well-informed competitor when the revival does come.

After considering the geological formation of the country, the author deals with the various points which determine the question of the payability or otherwise of any particular mining area, the percentage of extraction, and other like important matters. The difficulties which attend an estimate of the contents of any mine are admirably explained, and the method of reckoning the present value of particular properties is exemplified in the cases of fully developed and equipped mines like the Robinson, and of unexplored propositions, as the Rand Victoria East. The general prospects of the various sections of the Witwatersrand are explained, and there are excellent tables showing the value of claims, the capacity of stamps, and other like matters, while the whole is completed with sectional plans and tables of working costs. It is a pity that a full table of the life and probable gold contents of all the mines was not added.

The whole book is in a small compass and admirably suited to a reader whose technical knowledge consists of no more than he can pick up in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton Street.

THE CYCLE TRADE.

Mr. Harvey Du Cros has fluttered the dovescotes of the cycle trade by his remarks at the Dunlop meeting. Cycle Company report after report has shown that the profits of the trade were reduced to the slenderest dimensions, and the worst cases have been those in which attempts have been made to cultivate a trade in motor-bicycles. In many instances, not only are there no appreciable profits, but the stocks are of such a nature that the position is worse than the directors admit. Other trades have been in the same fix before now, and when the weaklings have gone to the wall matters have more or less righted themselves, and so it will be in the cycle trade. There may be another lean year before the Companies, but if we held shares in sound concerns, such as Rudge-Whitworth, we should not throw them away at this moment.

As to the great Dunlop Company itself, a very drastic reconstruction—or rather, reduction of capital and readjustment of shareholders' rights—is certainly necessary; but, until the scheme of the directors is put forward, it is impossible to do more than advise holders to keep an open mind, and remember that, if the concern is to be put on a dividend-paying basis, no class must demand and insist on its "pound of flesh." If you require the votes of the Ordinary shareholders to carry a scheme, it is folly to expect them to give those votes for something which wipes them out of existence.

Saturday, Nov. 26, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. R.—The shares are among the best Kaffirs, but the price means a capitalisation of 5½ millions. We expect that the shares will be higher during 1905, but this depends on the general state of the industry.

MOODY.—(1) We should not be sellers of Langlaagte at present, but we think that in the future there are mines which have more room for reduction of working charges. (2) We do not expect a dividend in the near future.

BORDER.—The advertisements of the system have not come under our notice, but it is certain that, like systems for gambling at Monte Carlo, the result will not correspond with the promise.

TURKEY.—Many of the Lottery bonds are quite genuine, but the people you name charge too much for them. If you wish to buy, you will do better to communicate with Nathan Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, who will deal for you at close market prices.

ALPHA.—The stock is not a favourite of ours. We would rather sell and buy Great Westerns or North British.

ROMANY.—The Mexican Central Debentures are a good speculative purchase. The Ordinary is a long way off its dividend, but also promising. The B. A. stock is certainly safer than the railway, but there is not so much room for a rise.

T. E. K.—The Invicta shares are of no value. The concern has come to the end of its tether. A Company called the East Kootenay Consols was registered in 1898 to purchase its property, but we think nothing has come of it, as only £27 of capital has been subscribed.

We are asked to state that the Directors of the Mint, Birmingham, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending Sept. 30, 1904, and that the transfer-books will be closed from Dec. 7 to 13, both days inclusive.

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